THE PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

Cymbeline.
King Henry VIII.
Pericles.

EDITED BY

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CYMBELINE.

INTRODUCTION.

CYMBELINE was first printed in the first folio of Shakespeare's plays, where it is the last play in the volume, and is divided into acts and scenes. It was Nicholas Rowe, the first editor of Shakespeare, who, in Queen Anne's time, first prefixed the list of characters. Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, who saw the *Winter's Tale* on the 17th of May, 1611, noted also in his Diary, without a date, what he had seen in the play of *Cymbeline*:—

"Remember also the story of Cymbeline, King of England in Lucius' time; how Lucius came from Octavius Cæsar for tribute, and, being denied, after sent Lucius with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline, and Lucius taken prisoner; and all by means of three outlaws, of the which two of them were the sons of Cymbeline, stolen from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline banished; and he kept them as his own sons twenty years with him in a cave. And how one of them slew Cloten, that was the queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of Imogen, the king's daughter, whom he had banished also for loving his daughter.

"And how the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself into a chest, and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love and others to be presented to the king. And in the deepest of the night, she being asleep, he opened the chest, and came forth of it, and viewed her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her bracelet, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c. And, in the end, how he came with the Romans into England, and was taken

prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven; and chanced to fall on the cave in the woods where her two brothers were; and how, by eating a sleeping dram, they thought she had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her, in her love's apparel that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucius, &c."

That is a very good example of the art, in which some yet excel, of telling the matter of a play by tumbling its contents together into a shapeless mass of odds and ends. There was probably no great distance of time between Simon Forman's records of the *Winter's Tale* and *Cymbeline* in his "Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof," now No. 208 of the Ashmole MSS.; and although there is no evidence that Forman saw in either case a play newly produced, it may be right to place the production of *Cymbeline* very near the time of Shakespeare's retirement from London. Some critics have even placed it within a year or two of his death. It is, of course, not necessary to suppose, nor is it likely, that retirement to Stratford meant more than retirement from the bustle of the theatre to peace of home, with undisturbed use of his genius. He died at the age of fifty-two, and if he had lived only to sixty in good health at Stratford, he would have written at least six or eight more plays. Withdrawal from those forms of work that parted him too much from home, did not mean withering, but strengthening, of powers that were best used where his mind was freest. But, for anything we know to the contrary, Shakespeare might in those last years of his life have

been slowly dying of consumption; or he may have been in full health until cut off suddenly by fever, bred of the want of drainage and unwholesome conditions generally in the town of Stratford. We cannot tell; but having reason to think that *Cymbeline* is one of his later plays, there is no reason why we should not imagine it to have been written at Stratford after he had left London, if there be anything to make us agree with those who date it in 1614 or 1615.

Of Cymbeline and his sons we read in Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of British Kings," a more than half fabulous book which appeared a little before the year 1147, and in the form of chronicle delighted readers with the substance of romance. It was the source of the story of Gorboduc, which was made the theme of our first English tragedy. It was the source of the story of King Lear. It was the source of a great stream of Arthurian romance. It enters also into all subsequent histories of British kings. According to this chronicle King Heli, who reigned forty years, had three sons—Lud, Cassibelaun, and Nennius. Lud succeeded Heli; he was a great builder of cities, and he rebuilt the walls of Troynovant, which was the city he loved best, so that it was called Kaer Lud, a name corrupted into Caerlondon, and thence into London. He was buried by the gate named after himself Ludgate. He had two sons—Androgeus and Tennantius—who at their father's death were too young to take rule. Their uncle Cassibelaun succeeded, therefore; but he made Androgeus ruler of Troynovant and Duke of Kent, and he made Tennantius Duke of Cornwall.

In the time of Cassibelaun, Julius Cæsar invaded Britain, and was defeated. He came again, and was defeated. But then feud arose between Cassibelaun and his nephew Androgeus, who sided with Cæsar, and thus enabled him to conquer. Androgeus was much looked up to by Cæsar, and went to Rome with him. He was living at Rome when Cassibelaun died, and Tennantius, Duke of Cornwall, brother to Androgeus, and King Lud's other son, therefore succeeded. Tennantius was the father of Kymbelinus, or Cymbeline, who was thus the grandson of King Lud, and succeeded Tennantius on the British throne. Geoffrey of Monmouth says that after the death of Tennantius, "Kymbelinus, his son, was advanced to the throne, being a great soldier, who had been brought up by Augustus Cæsar. He had acquired so great friendship for the Romans that he freely gave them tribute when he might have very well refused it." (This point Shakespeare turns to the best account at the close of his play.) "In his days was born our Lord Jesus Christ, by whose precious blood mankind was redeemed from the devil, under whom they had been before enslaved. Kymbelinus, when he had governed Britain ten years, begat two sons, the elder named Guiderius, the other Arviragus. After his death the government fell to Guiderius." The old chronicle then tells how Guiderius, by refusing tribute, caused the invasion of Claudius. In resisting it, Guiderius slew more men than were slain by the greater part of his army, but he was stabbed by a Roman named Hamo, who had disguised himself as a

Briton. Arviragus then put on his brother's armour and fought in his person. The emperor escaped to his ship with one part of his army. Hamo with the other part of the army was pursued to "a part of the sea-coast which, from the name of Hamo, is now called Southampton," and Arviragus himself there killed Hamo as he was attempting to get on board a merchant ship. Arviragus afterwards made peace with Claudius, who gave him his beautiful daughter Genuissa in marriage. A later revolt of Arviragus brought Vespasian to Britain; but Arviragus was too strong for him. Arviragus then grew old in peaceful rule; he confirmed old laws and established new, "so that his fame spread over all Europe," says Geoffrey of Monmouth, "and he was both loved and feared by the Romans, and became the subject of their discourse more than any king of his time. Hence Juvenal relates how a certain blind man, speaking of a turbot that was taken, said:—

"'*Regem aliquem capies, aut de temone Britanno*
Excidet Arviragus.'"

"Some king shall be thy thrall,
Or from his British car Arviragus shall fall."

On which passage the best editor of Juvenal, for want of Geoffrey of Monmouth's aid, observes, "There is no British Prince of this name on record contemporary with Domitian. The man is talking nonsense, and he knows it."

In the old History of British Kings there is nothing that associates the reign of Cymbeline with a tale of Imogen. Her name may have been suggested by the

chronicle, for Ignoge was there the name of the daughter of the Greek king, Pandrasus. She was wife to Brutus, founder of Britain, and was mother of his three sons, Locrine, Albanact, and Camber, who gave their names to the three regions of Britain.

The mediæval tale which Shakespeare has adapted to his purpose and placed in the days of Cymbeline, is first known in the forms of two French romances of the thirteenth century. In one of them the "Roman de la Violette," the king of France holds a full Easter court at Pont de l'Arche. Gerard de Nevers sings of the perfections of his love, the fair Oriant. Some knights are jealous. Liziart pledges high stakes with Nevers that he can prevail over his lady. The wager is accepted with the king's approval. Liziart is admitted to the table of Oriant at Nevers, offers love, and is repulsed, but obtains help from old Gondrée, Oriant's duenna, to make it appear that he has succeeded. Through a secret hole he sees Oriant bathing, and observes a mark like a violet under her right breast. Liziart returns to Court. The lady is summoned. Upon evidence of the violet Liziart is held to have won the wager. Gerard departs with his lady, and is about to kill her in a forest, when he has to turn and defend himself against a terrible serpent. The lady is left to her adventures. Gerard in guise of a minstrel goes to Nevers that Liziart has won from him, obtains evidence of Liziart's treachery, after many adventures finds Oriant, proves to the king her innocence, and kills in a combat her traducer, who confesses his untruth.

A like story was told about the same time under the

title of "Le Compte de Poitiers," where a knight named Gerars, Count of Poitiers, boasted of his lady's perfection, and of her fidelity, at a court held by King Pepin, where the Duke of Normandy was provoked to stake Normandy against Poitou, that he could obtain the lady's favour. He fails, and the lady tells the Duke's proposal to a nurse, who goes to him and helps him to belie her mistress. She steals a ring from the lady's finger, gives some hair from her comb, and a piece of velvet from her dress. There is the decision at the Court of Pepin against the lady. The Count of Poitiers departs with his wife. On the third day, when they are in a thick forest, and when he is about to kill her, a great lion rushes on them. He kills the lion and forsakes the lady, travels on, changes his dress with a pilgrim, visits Poitiers, where the Duke rules in his place, and from a conversation between the Duke and the nurse learns that his wife is innocent. Other adventures follow, ending in single combat with the traducer at the Court of Pepin, the Duke's confession, and the endowment of the traduced wife with his lands.

Upon the same subject there was in France also a mediæval play which added the Creator, the Virgin, the Archangels Gabriel and Michael, and the Apostle John, to the persons of the story. The following sketch of this play was given in 1839 in "Further Particulars of Shakespeare and his Works":—

"Lotaire, the emperor, makes war on Alfons, king of Spain; the latter flies to his brother, the king of Grenada, for assistance. During his absence Lotaire and his nephew, Ostes, lay siege to Burgos, and there capture Denise, the daughter of Alfons.

Lotaire procures Ostes to be married to Denise, and makes them king and queen of Spain. Lotaire and Ostes for a time quit Spain for Rome, leaving Denise behind in Burgos. At Rome Ostes meets Count Berengier, and the Count wagers his possessions with Ostes, who gages his kingdom of Spain on the chastity of Denise during her husband's absence. Berengier proceeds to Burgos to make the attempt, and concerts with Eglantine, the female attendant of Denise, in order to accomplish his purpose. She gives her mistress a sleeping draught, and then steals what Denise most valued (a bone of one of her husband's toes, which he had given her just before his departure for Rome), and informs Berengier of some secret mark she carried on her person. Berengier returns to Rome, shows the bone in triumph, and discloses the secret mark he pretends to have seen. Ostes determines to kill Denise ; but she is forewarned of his intention, and, by the advice of the Virgin, flies from Burgos to her father and uncle at Grenada, in male attire. She is taken into the service of her uncle, and, unknown to be a woman, is made his standard-bearer. Ostes, unable to find her and wreak his vengeance upon her, turns renegade, blasphemes his Creator, and serves the Saracens. In the meanwhile the king of Grenada and Alfons collect their forces, and are about to march against Lotaire, when Denise (who now calls herself Denis) entreats that she may proceed to Rome to have an interview with Lotaire, promising to do her best to render bloodshed unnecessary. She goes to Rome, and, proclaiming Berengier a traitor to Denise, challenges him to single combat. Ostes by this time has repented his denial of Christianity, and, warned from Heaven, proceeds to Rome to do penance for his sin. He arrives when the combat between Denise and Berengier is about to take place. Ostes, too, challenges the traitor, and is adjudged to enter the lists against him in preference to Denise. Berengier is overcome, confesses his crime, Denise discloses her sex, and the war is at an end. Alfons is not restored to his kingdom, which continues in the

hands of Ostes and Denise, but Lotaire gives him the kingdom of Mirabel, and the comté of Vaux-Plaissiez, while the king of Grenada bestows upon him land which will yield him 3,000 livres per annum.

"There are two points of resemblance between the French *Miracle* and Shakespeare which may deserve remark. Berengier tells Ostes, when proposing the wager,

> "'Et vous dy bien que je me vant
> Que je ne sçay femme vivant,
> Mais que ij foiz à li parlasse,
> Que le tierce avoir n'en cuidasse
> Tout mon delit.'

That is to say, 'I tell you truly that I boast that I know no woman living, but if I might *speak to her twice*, at the third time I might have all my desire.' Iachimo (*Cymbeline*, Act. I. scene 5) says: 'With no more advantage than the opportunity of *a second conference*, and I will bring you from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.' This is found neither in *Boccaccio* nor in *Westward for Smelts*.

"Again, in the French miracle-play, Berengier, endeavouring to work upon the jealousy of Denise, tells her—

> "'De Romme vien, où j'ay laissié
> Vostre seigneur, qui ne vous prise
> Pas la queue d'une serise:
> D'une garce c'est acointié
> Qu'il a en si grand amistié,
> Qu'il ne scet de elle departir.'

i.e., 'I come from Rome, where I left your lord, who does not value you the stalk of a cherry; he is connected with a girl for whom he has so strong a regard that he knows not how to part from her.' The passage where Iachimo represents the manner in which Posthumus in Rome spends his revenues upon depraved women will readily occur to all, and no corresponding inducement is to be met with in the Italian novelist, nor in the English imitator" [in "Westward for Smelts."]

From such material Boccaccio framed his ninth novel of the second day of the Decameron, in which

several Italian merchants met accidentally at a supper in Paris, and talked lightly of their absent wives. Only Bernabo Lomellia of Genoa maintained the perfections of his wife, Ginevra, and his confidence that, if he were away from her for many years, nothing could lessen her fidelity. Ambrogiulo, a young merchant of Piacenza, jested at this, and laid the wager that, if opportunity were given him, he would prove that faith to rest on an illusion. He went accordingly to Genoa, where what he heard convinced him that he had come on a vain errand, and would lose his wager unless by some fraud he could appear to have won. He made acquaintance with a woman who was often employed in Ginevra's service, and by connivance with him the woman, pretending unavoidable absence for a few days, asked Ginevra to take charge of a large box, which was accordingly, with Ambrogiulo concealed in it, placed in Ginevra's bedchamber. When she slept, Ambrogiulo came out, observed the furniture, observed the mole upon her breast, and took a ring, a purse, and other trifles. When Ambrogiulo began at Paris his report, Bernabo observed that he could have obtained from his wife's women all he reported and brought. But when the evidence of the mole on the breast was added, Bernabo acknowledged the wager won, and set out for Italy. When near Genoa he sent for his wife to come to him, giving secret orders that she should be put to death on the road. The servant brought some of her clothes, reporting that he had killed her, and left Ginevra free to escape in male disguise. She entered the service of a Catalonian gentleman, and thence

passed into the service of the Sultan, under the name of Sicurano. The Sultan sent Sicurano with a band of soldiers to protect Christian and Turkish merchants at the fair of Acre. There she saw her own purse and girdle hanging in the shop of a Venetian merchant. She asked, as a stranger, whose they were, and whether they were for sale. Ambrogiulo, who had just brought in some merchandise, stepped forward, said they were his, and told as a joke how he had come by them, with the story of the wager and boast that he had really won it on the terms appointed. He laughed at the folly of the man who had laid five thousand florins to one thousand upon trust in a woman. Ginevra now understood Bernabo's conduct. In her character of Sicurano, she professed amusement at the story of Ambrogiulo, sought his acquaintance, and took him to Alexandria. Then she sought for Bernabo, who was reduced to great distress, and had him brought privately to Alexandria. At a convenient time she caused the Sultan to draw from Ambrogiulo all his story in Bernabo's hearing. Bernabo confessed that he had killed his wife. Sicurano the man was then transformed into Ginevra the woman, and proved to the Sultan her identity by evidence of the mole on the left breast. Ambrogiulo was put to a cruel death, and all his wealth was given to Ginevra. The Sultan gave to Bernabo and Ginevra jewels and money, and sent them in a ship to Genoa.

From such light suggestion, Shakespeare took his point of departure for the shaping of the beautiful play of *Cymbeline*. Imogen is Shakespeare's answer to the light jests upon women that, in all ages, have

sprung abundantly from men whose thoughts were low. She is a woman tried in all ways and found true. Before the hardest trials come, she is beset with

> "A father cruel, and a stepdame false;
> A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
> That hath her husband banished."

The worst pinch that follows serves only to bring out the utmost beauty of her womanhood.

As in *Lear* Shakespeare draws the lineaments of nature with the greater force by placing his tragedy, based on the tie between father and child, in a half-barbaric time; so he does also in *Cymbeline*, with his play based on the tie between husband and wife. These ties were to Shakespeare of all bonds the strongest; and the love by which they bind men to each other, the chief happiness on earth. In *Cymbeline*, as in *Lear*, the surrounding accidents of fortune that are no part of the true life of the mind are treated as of light account. The bare life of Belarius and the two boys in the mountain cave, plain living and high thinking in ideal form, shows noble manhood parted from the pomp that Lear found without comfort for a breaking heart. In the interwoven story of Belarius also, as in the interweaving of the tale of Gloster with the tale of Lear, Shakespeare gave breadth and depth to his play without confusion of its motive. Gloster, like Lear, distrusted the true child, and was victim of the false. Belarius, like Imogen, was struck by slander and unjustly condemned.

The skill of the dramatist in opening his story, and preparing by clear touches for effects to be produced

as it draws near the close, is a marked feature in all plays of Shakespeare, and nowhere more marked than in *Cymbeline*.

The first scene of the First Act tells in its first twelve lines of Imogen's marriage and her husband's banishment, with as much circumstance belonging to the story as could be put into so small a space—of the King, the Queen, and her son Cloten. It goes on to tell of the demerits of Cloten, and to tell fully the character and history of Leonatus. It prepares for the introduction of Guiderius and Arviragus by telling of the King's loss of his two sons, stolen in their childhood, leaving Imogen sole heir to the crown. The second scene then shows the parting of husband and wife, haunted by the presence of Imogen's treacherous stepmother. Posthumus will have his residence in Rome at one Philario's. The gifts of ring and bracelet are exchanged, and Cymbeline in anger bids the husband begone, at whose departure Imogen exclaims,

> "There cannot be a pinch in death
> More sharp than this is."

Cloten's suit is urged on her by her father in anger; and she is practised against by her stepmother, Cloten's mother, with outward shows that Imogen knows to be false. The base nature of Cloten, and the fidelity of her husband's servant, Pisanio, who has been left with her, are shown. A scene follows, the fourth in the First Act, which is an outpouring of the wife's deep love in its purity; but before she could have charged her husband—

> "At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight
> T' encounter me with orizons, for then
> I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
> Give him that parting kiss which I had set
> Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
> And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
> Shakes all our buds from growing."

Upon this outpouring of a true wife's love, with all the charm of a true woman's nature, follows immediately, in sharp contrast, the scene at Rome, in the house of Philario, fellow-soldier with the father of Posthumus, where Philario, with Iachimo, the Italian, and other men of the world—a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard—talk as the world often talks. When Posthumus enters they laugh at his faith in woman. The scene represents the cynical slander upon womanhood, which is here to grow into the slander of one faithful woman. The wager offered is accepted, and a new trial is prepared for Imogen. We return to one of her other trials in the stepmother, who is ready for murder. In her scene with the physician and Pisanio, the box which she thinks to contain poison, and which the physician has made only a harmless stayer of the course of life for a short time, during which there is but the image of death, is passed into the hands of Pisanio in a way that prepares for the second scene of the Fourth Act. The First Act ends with the reception of Iachimo by Imogen, and his cunning slander of Posthumus that brings only grief into her heart, not bitterness against the man who has her great heart's love. Her instant detection through the false note that he strikes, precedes his easy duping of her through her love when he sounds praises of her

husband in her ear. The act ends with her consent to receive his trunk and guard it for him in her bed-chamber.

The Second Act begins with Imogen beset by the gross suit of Cloten, and Italian villainy. It ends with Posthumus overcome by the deceits of the Italian villain, who steals the bracelet, and by lying like truth wins the ring. The Fourth Act is again prepared for by Cloten's half-witted and revengeful dwelling upon the impatient words wrung out of Imogen when he is rudely importunate and she is vexed at loss of the bracelet Posthumus had given her.

> "His meanest garment,
> That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
> In my respect than all the hairs above thee
> Were they all made such men."

No lover can ever have missed in Imogen one sign of a full loyal woman's love. Her love includes all weaknesses that are a part of strength. If she is made to believe ill of Posthumus she cannot think ill; only a tender thought comes of each wound made in her heart by the traducer. She is Wordsworth's ideal of

> "A perfect Woman, nobly planned
> To warn, to comfort, and command,"

while yet

> "A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food;
> For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
> Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

Imogen can be impatient under strain and extreme provocation, but it is always with a sense that she has pardon to ask for the breach of courtesy. She excels

in all things womanly. Twice in the First Act there is reference to her use of the needle. In the second scene of the Fourth Act she has credit, as Fidele, for her skill in music and in cookery.

Arviragus. How angel-like he sings.
Guiderius. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in characters,
And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

But the cultivation of her mind is one part of her womanliness. She reads even till midnight. I have said that Shakespeare builds his plays upon elementary truths of life, not upon subtle and ingenious allegories. One truth is at the heart of every play; and what truth more common than the love of woman, to which man owes honour and allegiance, which is the true saviour of earthly happiness, which is full of trust and a rare self-devotion, of which in our own day the worst ills of fortune among the London poor have failed to choke the life in many an afflicted heart. We thank Shakespeare for Imogen, in whom he has caused all the character and all the grace and truth of womanhood to rise triumphant above the poor cynicism that accounts itself to be the spirit of the world. The spirit of the world is God, and the true voice of life is that which declares God in the life of man. Woman's love, as it is shown in Imogen, is surely, of all love on earth, that which is likest God's, repelling all that is impure, yet full of an infinite tenderness, and overcoming evil with its good.

In the Third Act Imogen, victim of slander, hurries to Milford Haven at the call of Posthumus, and hears

from the faithful Pisanio her lord's order for her death. She follows Pisanio's friendly counsel, and puts on man's dress, that she may enter into the service of Lucius, and so come to be near Posthumus in Rome, where truth may prevail and reunite them. Cloten's half-witted and coarse notion of revenge for being valued below the garments of Posthumus, leads him also to the woods by Milford Haven, where Belarius has the king's sons nobly nurtured, although housed within a cave. Their cave door bids them stoop as they come out under the sky, and so pay reverence to Heaven.

"Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how t'adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: gates of monarchs
Are arched so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.
Guiderius. Hail, heaven!
Arviragus. Hail, heaven.

In such simplicity of nature the unknown sister comes as Fidele to the unknown brothers, and when the Queen's box, meant to contain poison in name of restorative, produces in the out-worn Fidele the semblance of death, Shakespeare finds occasion for an idyllic scene in the Fourth Act that breathes the music of domestic love. But to this music Shakespeare gives also its larger voice. To the instinct of brotherhood that makes Guiderius and Arviragus feel nature drawing them towards Fidele—when Arviragus says,

"Brother, stay here:—
Are we not brothers?"

Imogen's answer is—

> "So man and man should be;
> But clay and clay differs in dignity,
> Whose dust is both alike."

The home should be the world in little. It is not that yet.

In the Fifth Act the vision of his father, mother, and brothers to Posthumus in his prison is associated with a plaint to Jove, who descends to condemn their misreading of mortal accidents, and so figures the Providence of God, who blesses us with what we call our griefs. In the close it is still love that prevails. Imogen, as she embraces Posthumus, says—

> "Think that you are upon a rock; and now
> Throw me again.
> *Posthumus.* Hang there like fruit, my soul,
> Till the tree die."

To the repentant Iachimo the answer of Posthumus is—

> "Kneel not to me:
> The power that I have on you is to spare you;
> The malice towards you to forgive you. Live,
> And deal with others better.
> *Cymbeline.* Nobly doomed.
> We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law.
> Pardon's the word to all."

And even in the peace between Britain and Rome, the victor, in goodwill and honour to Rome, yields the desired tribute to the vanquished. The play ends too happily to be a tragedy, although the womanly tenderness of Imogen, under her trials, brings many a man to tears, and sometimes even dims the sight of an old editor who is but revising proofs of Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

H. M.

CYMBELINE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*
CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*
POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *Husband to Imogen.*
BELARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*
GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to Belarius.*
PHILARIO, *Friend to Posthumus,* IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario;* *Italians.*
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.
CAIUS LUCIUS, *General of the Roman Forces.*
A Roman Captain.
Two British Captains.
PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*
CORNELIUS, *a Physician.*
Two Lords of Cymbeline's Court.
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.
QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*
IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*
HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*
A Lady.
Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, Attendants, and Apparitions.

SCENE.—Sometimes in BRITAIN, sometimes in ITALY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. The Garden of CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods

No more obey the heavens than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 *Gent.* But what 's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of 's kingdom, whom
He purposed to his wife 's sole son—a widow,
That late he married—hath referred herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman. She 's wedded;
Her husband banished; she imprisoned: all
Is outward sorrow, though, I think, the king
Be touched at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He that hath lost her, too; so is the queen,
That most desired the match: but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath missed the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her—
I mean, that married her, alack, good man!
And therefore banished—is a creature such
As, to seek through the regions of the earth

For one his like, there would be something failing
In him that should compare. I do not think
So fair an outward and such stuff within
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What 's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root. His father
Was called Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan,
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom
He served with glory and admired success,
So gained the sur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons, who, in the wars o' the time,
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father,
Then old and fond of issue, took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceased
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Posthumus Leonatus;
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,

Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, fast as 't was ministered,
In 's spring became a harv'st: he lived in court—
Which rare it is to do—most praised, most loved;
A sample to the young'st, to the more mature
A glass that feated them; and to the graver
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,
For whom he now is banished,—her own price
Proclaims how she esteemed him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,
Is she sole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two sons,—if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,—the eldest of them at three years old,
I' the swathing-clothes the other, from their nursery
Were stolen; and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so conveyed,
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them!
1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 't is strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laughed at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.
1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The queen, and princess. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.

Queen. No, be assured, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most stepmothers,
Evil-eyed unto you: you 're my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
You leaned unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril.—
I 'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barred affections; though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.
[*Exit.*
Imo. Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing—
Always reserved my holy duty—what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,

And with mine eyes I 'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you :
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [*Aside.*] Yet I 'll move him
To walk this way : I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends ;
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu !

Imo. Nay, stay a little.
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love :
This diamond was my mother's : take it, heart ;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How ! how ! another ?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death !—[*Putting on the ring.*] Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,

As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[*Putting a bracelet on her arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

Post. Alack, the king!

Enter CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you:
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
O, thou shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation:

I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!

Imo. O blessed, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have loved Posthúmus:
You bred him as my playfellow; and he is
A man worth any woman, overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my Leonatus

Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—

Re-enter QUEEN.

[*To the* QUEEN.] They were again together: you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day, and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exeunt* CYMBELINE *and Lords.*

Enter PISANIO.

Queen. Fie!—you must give way.
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

Pis. My lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather played than fought,

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on 't.

Imo. Your son 's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—
I would they were in Afric both together,
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back.—Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command. He would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven; left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When 't pleased you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk awhile.

Imo. About some half-hour hence,
I pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least,
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II. — A Public Place.

Enter Cloten *and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt the violence of action hath made you reek as sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in there's none abroad so wholesome as that yo vent.

Clo. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it.— Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No, faith; not so much as hi patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a passable ca cass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare fo steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] His steel was in debt; it wer o' the backside the town.

Clo. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] No; but he fled forward stil toward your face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough o your own; but he added to your having, gave yo some ground.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] As many inches as you hav oceans.—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground.

Clo. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she 's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clo. Come, I 'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

Clo. You 'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.

Clo. Nay, come, let 's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' the haven,
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 't were a paper lost
As offered mercy is. What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pis. It was, 'His queen, his queen!'

Imo. Then waved his handkerchief?

Pis. And kissed it, madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for so long
As he could make me with this eye or ear
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of 's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sailed on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, cracked them, but
To look upon him, till the diminution
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then
Have turned mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?
Pis. Be assured, madam,
With his next vantage.
Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours
Such thoughts and such; or I could make him swear
The shes of Italy should not betray
Mine interest and his honour; or have charged him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with orisons, for then
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words,—comes in my father
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatched.
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. An Apartment in PHILARIO'S House.

Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, *a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of; but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. You speak of him when he was less furnished than now he is with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in France: we had

very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter—wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own—words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment—

Iach. Ay, and the approbations of those that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat for taking a beggar, without less quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness. I was glad I did atone my countryman and you: it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shunned to go even with what I heard than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgment—if I offend not to say it is mended—my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think. 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that

time vouching—and upon warrant of bloody affirmation—his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing, though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair and as good—a kind of hand-in-hand comparison—had been something too fair and too good for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

Post. I praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she 's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, your brace of unprizable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual; a cunning thief or a that way accomplished courtier would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress; if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation I should get ground of your fair mistress, make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion, and I doubt not you sustain what you 're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What 's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more,—a punishment too.

Phi. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring

from thence that honour of hers which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 't is part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what 's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till you return. Let there be covenants drawn between 's. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match. Here 's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold, are yours;—provided, I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced,—you not making it appear otherwise,—for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it.
Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, *Ladies, and* Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew 's on ground, gather those flowers:

Make haste. Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Despatch.— [*Exeunt Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam; [*Presenting a small box.*

But I beseech your grace, without offence,—
My conscience bids me ask,—wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing death,
But, though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a question: have I not been
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learned me how
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,
That our great king himself doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—
Unless thou think'st me devilish,—is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other conclusions? I will try the forces
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as
We count not worth the hanging — but none human—
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:
Besides, the seeing these effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter PISANIO.

[*Aside.*] Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him
Will I first work: he 's for his master,
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio!—
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do suspect you, madam;
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. [*To* PISANIO.] Hark thee, a word.—

Cor. [*Aside.*] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she 'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,

To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor,
Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work:
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I 'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master: greater; for
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp: return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans;
Who cannot be new built, nor has no friends,
So much as but to prop him?

[*The* QUEEN *drops the box:* PISANIO *takes it up.*
Thou tak'st up
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king

Five time times redeemed from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earnest of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
The case stands with her: do 't as from thyself.
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king
To any shape of thy preferment, such
As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,
That set thee on to this desert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISANIO.]—A sly and constant knave,
Not to be shaked; the agent for his master,
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand-fast to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she after,
Except she bend her humour, shall be assured
To taste of too.—

Re-enter PISANIO *and Ladies.*

So, so;—well done, well done.
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,

Bear to my closet.—Fare thee, well Pisanio ;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and Ladies.*
Pis. And shall do ;
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I 'll choke myself : there 's all I 'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a step-dame false ;
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banished :—O, that husband !
My supreme crown of grief ! and those repeated
Vexations of it ! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious : blessed be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be ? Fie !

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my lord with letters.
Iach. Change you, madam ?
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. [*Aside.*] All of her that is out of door, most rich!
If she be furnished with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust*— LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady,—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

The fiery orbs above, and the twinned stones
Upon the numbered beach, and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i' the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: nor i' the judgment;
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor i' the appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence opposed,
Should make desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allured to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyéd will,—
That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both filled and running,—ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—
[*To* PISANIO] 'Beseech you, sir, desire
My man's abode where I did leave him. he
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit.*

Imo. Continues well my lord his health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is called
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad,
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton—
Your lord I mean—laughs from 's free lungs, cries, 'O,
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows,
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assuréd bondage?'

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: but, heaven knows,
Some men are much to blame.
Imo. Not he, I hope.
Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I count his beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imo. What do you pity, sir?
Iach. Two creatures heartily.
Imo. Am I one, sir?
You look on me. What wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity?
Iach. Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?
Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?
Iach. That others do—
I was about to say—enjoy your—But

It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on 't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me : pray you—
Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born—discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here : should I—damned then—
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ; join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood—falsehood as
With labour ; then by peeping in an eye
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light
That's fed with stinking tallow : it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himself. Not I,

Inclined to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 't is your graces
That from my mutest conscience to my tongue
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O, dearest soul, your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady
So fair, and fastened to an empery
Would make the great'st king double,—to be partnered
With tomboys, hired with that self exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseased ventures,
That play for gold with all infirmities
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boiled stuff
As well might poison poison! Be revenged:
Or she that bore you was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Revenged!
How should I be revenged? If this be true,—
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,—if it be true,
How should I be revenged?

Iach. Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets,
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What, ho, Pisanio!

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho, Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter who
He not respects at all.—What, ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say:

The credit that thy lady hath of thee
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assured credit.—Blesséd live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir that ever
Country called his; and you, his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord
That which he is new o'er: and he is one
The truest-mannered; such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended god;
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventured
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honoured with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All 's well, sir. Take my power i' the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almost forgot

To entreat your grace but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myself and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray, what is 't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord—
The best feather of our wing,—have mingled sums
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: 't is plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form; their value 's great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage. May it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bedchamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night:
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word
By lengthening my return. From Gallia

I crossed the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains:
But not away to-morrow!

Iach. O, I must, madam:
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outstood my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: it shall safe be kept
And truly yielded you. You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—Court before Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cloten *and two Lords.*

Clo. Was there ever man had such luck! when I kissed the jack, upon an up-cast to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: and then a whoreson jackanapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; [*aside*] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at anything in the earth.—A pox on 't! I had rather not be so noble as I am. They dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every Jack-slave hath his bellyful of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 *Lord.* It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that 's come to court to-night ?

Clo. A stranger, and I not know on 't !

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] He 's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

1 *Lord.* There 's an Italian come ; and, 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus ! a banished rascal ; and he 's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger ?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him ? Is there no derogation in 't ?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord.* [*Aside.*] You are a fool granted ; therefore your issues, being foolish, do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I 'll go see this Italian. What I have lost to-day at bowls I 'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I 'll attend your lordship.—

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN *and first Lord.*

That such a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this ass ! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain ; and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty, for his heart,

And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess!
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame governed;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshaked
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,
To enjoy thy banished lord and this great land!

[*Exit.*

Scene II.—Imogen's Bedchamber; a Trunk in one corner of it.

Imogen *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who 's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak;
Fold down the leaf where I have left: to bed.
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;

And if thou canst awake by four o' the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO *comes from the trunk.*
Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-laboured sense
Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes ere he wakened
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed, fresh lily,
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagoned,
How dearly they do 't!—'T is her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see the enclosèd lights, now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, laced
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design!
To note the chamber: I will write all down:—
Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
The adornment of her bed;—the arras, figures,
Why, such, and such;—and the contents o' the story,—

Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner movables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument
Thus in a chapel lying !—Come off, come off ;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard !—
'T is mine ; and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here 's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make ; this secret
Will force him think I have picked the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end ?
Why should I write this down, that 's riveted,
Screwed to my memory ? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus ; here the leaf 's turned down,
Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough :
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May bare the raven's eye ! I lodge in fear ;

Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[*Clock strikes.*

One, two, three,—time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber adjoining IMOGEN'S Apartment.

Enter CLOTEN *and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss, the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper of your lordship. You are most hot and furious when you win.

Clo. Winning will put any man into courage. If I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough. It 's almost morning, is 't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this music would come. I am advised to give her music o' mornings; they say, it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on; tune. If you can penetrate her with

your fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every thing that pretty is.
My lady sweet, arise;
Arise, arise!

So, get you gone. If this penetrate, I will consider your music the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and calves'-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late; for that 's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done fatherly.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* QUEEN.

Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter?

Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with musics, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: some more time
Must wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then she 's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king,
Who lets go by no vantages that may
Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself
To orderly solicits, and be friended
With aptness of the season: make denials
Increase your services: so seem, as if
You were inspired to do those duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismission tends,
And therein you are senseless.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome:

The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;
But that's no fault of his: we must receive him
According to the honour of his sender;
And towards himself, his goodness forespent on us,
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,
When you have given good morning to your mistress,
Attend the queen and us; we shall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen. [*Exeunt all but* CLOTEN

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!—
[*Knocks.*
I know her women are about her. What
If I do line one of their hands? 'T is gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to the stand o' the stealer: and 't is gold
Which makes the true man killed and saves the thief;
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo? I will make

One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not understand the case myself.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who 's there that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That 's more
Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
Can justly boast of. What 's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person: is she ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There 's gold for you: sell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I shall think is good?—The princess!—
[*Exit.*

Enter IMOGEN.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness. One of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness, 't were my sin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you 'll be patient, I 'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;

And am so near the lack of charity,—
To accuse myself,—I hate you ; which I had rather
You felt, than make 't my boast.

Clo. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,—
One bred of alms, and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court,—it is no contract, none :
And though it be allowed in meaner parties,—
Yet who than he more mean ?—to knit their souls—
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary—in self-figured knot,
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by
The consequence o' the crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler, not so eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow !
Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 't were made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferred so well.

Clo. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio!

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently—

Clo. 'His garment'?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool;
Frighted, and angered worse.—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm: it was thy master's; shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think
I saw 't this morning: confident I am,
Last night 't was on mine arm; I kisséd it:
I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go and search. [*Exit* PISANIO.

Clo. You have abused me:—

'His meanest garment'?

Imo. Ay; I said so, sir.
If you will make 't an action, call witness to 't.

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She 's my good lady, and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be revenged.—
'His meanest garment'?—Well. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—Rome. In PHILARIO'S House.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would I were so sure
To win the king, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come. In these seared hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodness, and your company,

O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius
Will do 's commission thoroughly; and, I think,
He 'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,—
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,—
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more ordered than when Julius Cæsar
Smiled at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: their discipline,
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers they are people such
That mend upon the world.

Enter Iachimo.

Phi. See! Iachimo!

Post. The swiftest harts have posted you by land,
And winds of all the corners kissed your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phi. Welcome, sir.

Post. I hope, the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady
Is one of the fairest that I 've looked upon.

Post. And therewithal the best; or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 'T is very like.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approached.

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is 't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.
I 'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness which
Was mine in Britain: for the ring is won.

Post. The stone 's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being so easy.

Post. Make not, sir,
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we
Must not continue friends.
Iach. Good sir, we must,
If you keep covenant. Had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question further; but I now
Profess myself the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.
Post. If you can make 't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand
And ring is yours: if not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour gains or loses
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.
Iach. Sir, my circumstances,
Being so near the truth as I will make them,
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You 'll give me leave to spare when you shall find
You need it not.
Post. Proceed.
Iach. First, her bedchamber,
Where, I confess, I slept not, but profess,

Had that was well worth watching, it was hanged
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,
And Cydnus swelled above the banks or for
The press of boats or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship and value; which I wondered
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on 't was—

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber

With golden cherubins is fretted: her and-irons—
I had forgot them—were two winking Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and praise
Be given to your remembrance, the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—
[*Pulling out the bracelet.*
And now 't is up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I 'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripped it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enriched it too. She gave it me,
And said, she prized it once.

Post. May be, she plucked it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?

Post. O! no, no, no; 't is true. Here, take this too; [*Giving the ring.*

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't.—Let there be no honour
Where there 's beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there 's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they are made
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 't is not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by 't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'T is true;—nay, keep the ring,—'t is true, I am sure
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—they induced to steal it!

And by a stranger !—No, he hath enjoyed her :
The cognisance of her incontinency
Is this :— she hath bought the name of whore thus
dearly.—
There, take thy hire ; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you !
Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believed
Of one persuaded well of—
Post. Never talk on 't ;
She hath been colted by him.
Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying, under her breast—
Worthy the pressing—lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging : by my life,
I kissed it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her ?
Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.
Iach. Will you hear more ?
Post. Spare your arithmetic : never count the
turns ;
Once, and a million !
Iach. I 'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb meal!
I will go there, and do 't; i' the court; before
Her father.—I 'll do something— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beside
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let 's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Rome. Another Room in Philario's House.

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife

The nonpareil of this.—O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained,
And prayed me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on 't
Might well have warmed old Saturn; that I thought
her
As chaste as unsunned snow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was 't not?—
Or less,—at first; perchance he spoke not, but,
Like a full-acorned boar, a German one,
Cried, 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose, and she
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
The woman's part in me! For there 's no motion
That tends to vice in man but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all: but rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice but of a minute old for one
Not half so old as that. I 'll write against them,

Detest them, curse them.—Yet 't is greater skill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will :
The very devils cannot plague them better. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Britain. A Room of State in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, *and Lords, from one side ; and from the other,* Caius Lucius *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

Luc. When Julius Cæsar, whose remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes and will to ears and tongues
Be theme and hearing ever, was in this Britain
And conquered it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,
Famous in Cæsar's praises no whit less
Than in his feats deserving it, for him,
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untendered.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Cæsars
Ere such another Julius. Britain is
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay
For wearing our own noses.
Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from 's, to resume
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,
The kings your ancestors; together with
The natural bravery of your isle, which stands
As Neptune's park, ribbéd and paléd in
With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters;
With sands that will not bear your enemies' boats
But suck them up to the topmast. A kind of
conquest
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag
Of 'came, and saw, and overcame:' with shame,
The first that ever touched him, he was carried
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his ship-
ping,—
Poor ignorant baubles!—on our terrible seas,
Like egg-shells moved upon their surges, cracked
As easily 'gainst our rocks: for joy whereof,
The famed Cassibelan, who was once at point—
O giglot fortune!—to master Cæsar's sword,

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons strut with courage.

Clo. Come, there 's no more tribute to be paid. Our kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars: other of them may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light: else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us, we were free; Cæsar's ambition,
Which swelled so much that it did almost stretch
The sides o' the world, against all colour here
Did put the yoke upon 's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius which
Ordained our laws whose use the sword of Cæsar

Hath too much mangled; whose repair and
franchise
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius
made our laws,
Who was the first of Britain which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and called
Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar—
Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants than
Thyself domestic officers—thine enemy.
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent
Much under him; of him I gathered honour
Which he to seek of me again perforce,
Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
Their liberties are now in arms; a precedent,
Which not to read would show the Britons cold:
So Cæsar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Another Room in the Palace.

Enter Pisanio, *reading a letter.*

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!
O master! what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous tongued as handed hath prevailed
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:
She's punished for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue.—O my master!

Thy mind to her is now as low as were
Thy fortunes.—How that I should murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity
So much as this fact comes to?—'Do 't. The letter
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'—O damned paper!
Black as the ink that 's on thee. Senseless bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.
I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. How now, Pisanio?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord—Leonatus.
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars as I his characters;
He 'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contained relish of love,

Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are asunder,—let that grieve him :
Some griefs are medicinable ; that is one of them,
For it doth physic love :—of his content
All, but in that !—Good-wax, thy leave.—Blessed be
You bees, that make these locks of counsel ! Lovers
And men in dangerous bonds pray not alike :
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods !

[*Reads.*] *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven : what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings !—Hear'st thou, Pisanio ?
He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
How far 't is thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day ?—Then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord ; who
long'st,—

O, let me bate!—but not like me;—yet long'st,—
But in a fainter kind:—O! not like me,
For mine 's beyond beyond—say, and speak thick—
Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
To the smothering of the sense—how far it is
To this same blesséd Milford: and, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but, first of all,
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence.
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, 's enough for you, and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to 's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' the clock's behalf.—But this is foolery.—
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say,

She 'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,
A riding-suit no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee:
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Wales. A Mountainous Country, with a Cave.

Enter from the cave Belarius, *then* Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof 's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs
Are arched so high, that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!

We house i' the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.

Gui. Hail, heaven!

Arv. Hail, heaven!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill:

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which lessens and sets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This service is not service so being done,
But being so allowed: to apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we see;
And often, to our comfort, shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bribe;
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk,—
Such gain the cap of him that makes 'em fine
Yet keeps his book uncrossed. No life to ours.

Gui. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledged,

Have never winged from view o' the nest; nor know not
What air 's from home. Haply this life is best,
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,
That have a sharper known; well corresponding
With your stiff age: but unto us it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling a-bed;
A prison for a debtor that not dares
To stride a limit.

Arv. What should we speak of
When we are old as you? when we shall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat;
Our valour is to chase what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the prisoned bird,
And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak!
Did you but know the city's usuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o' the court,
As hard to leave as keep, whose top to climb
Is certain falling, or so slippery that
The fear 's as bad as falling: the toil o' the war,
A pain that only seems to seek out danger

I' the name of fame and honour, which dies i' the search
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph
As record of fair act, nay, many times,
Doth ill deserve by doing well, what 's worse,
Must court'sy at the censure.—O boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body 's marked
With Roman swords, and my report was once
First with the best of note: Cymbeline loved me;
And when a soldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree
Whose boughs did bend with fruit; but, in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains, whose false oaths prevailed
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so,
Followed my banishment; and this twenty years
This rock and these demesnes have been my world,
Where I have lived at honest freedom, paid
More pious debts to heaven than in all

The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains!
This is not hunters' language.—He that strikes
The venison first shall be the lord o' the feast;
To him the other two shall minister;
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think they are mine: and, though trained up thus meanly
I' the cave wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In simple and low things, to prince it much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—
The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father called Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say,—'Thus mine enemy fell;
And thus I set my foot on 's neck,'—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,
(Once Arviragus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more
His own conceiving.—Hark! the game is roused.—
O Cymbeline, heaven and my conscience know
Thou didst unjustly banish me; whereon
At three and two years old I stole these babes,
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan called,
They take for natural father.—The game 's up.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter Pisanio *and* Imogen.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse the place
Was near at hand.—Ne'er longed my mother so
To see me first, as I have now.—Pisanio! man,
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks
that sigh
From the inward of thee? One but painted thus
Would be interpreted a thing perplexed
Beyond self-explication: put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What 's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's
hand!
That drug-damned Italy hath out-craftied him,
And he 's at some hard point.—Speak, man: thy
tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdained of fortune.

Imo. [*Reads.*] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me if thy faith be not tainted*

with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No; 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that 's false to 's bed, is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness, Iachimo:

Thou didst accuse him of incontinency ;
Thou then look'dst like a villain ; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betrayed him :
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion ;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ripped :—to pieces with me !—O !
Men's vows are women's traitors. All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy, not born where 't grows,
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were in his time thought false ; and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity
From most true wretchedness : so thou, Posthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men :
Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjured,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest :
Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seest him,

A little witness my obedience: look
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 't is empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was, indeed,
The riches of it. Do his bidding; strike.—
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something 's afore 't:—soft, soft! we 'll no defence:
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turned to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though those that are betrayed

Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe.
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness; and I grieve myself
To think, when thou shalt be disedged by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be panged by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I received command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abused
So many miles with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturbed court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never

Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment; in the which
I have considered of a course. Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; speak:
I have heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so, neither:
But if I were as wise as honest, then
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my master is abused:
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this curséd injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtesan?

Pis. No, on my life.
I 'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 't is commanded
I should do so: you shall be missed at court

And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you 'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in 't;
In a great pool, a swan's nest. Pr'ythee, think
There 's livers out of Britain.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place. The ambassador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise

That which, to appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-danger, you should tread a course
Pretty and full of view: yea, haply, near
The residence of Posthúmus; so nigh, at least,
That, though his actions were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for such means,
Though peril to my modesty, not death on 't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here 's the point:
You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, or more truly,
Woman its pretty self,—into a waggish courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-answered, saucy, and
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it—but, O, the harder heart!
Alack, no remedy!—to the greedy touch
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis. First, make yourself but like one.
Forethinking this, I have already fit—
'T is in my cloak-bag—doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them : would you, in their serving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him
Wherein you 're happy, which you 'll make him know,
If that his head have ear in music, doubtless
With joy he will embrace you ; for he 's honourable,
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad,
You have me, rich ; and I will never fail
Beginning nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :
There 's more to be considered, but we 'll even
All that good time will give us. This attempt
I 'm soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we must take a short farewell,
Lest, being missed, I be suspected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,

Here is a box; I had it from the queen:
What 's in 't is precious; if you are sick at sea,
Or stomach-qualmed at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen. I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Cym. Thus far; and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal sir.
My emperor hath wrote, I must from hence;
And am right sorry that I must report ye
My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, sir, I desire of you
A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have crossed the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* Lucius *and Lords.*

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appeared
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tendered
The duty of the day. She looks us like
A thing more made of malice than of duty:
We have noted it.—Call her before us, for
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthúmus, most retired
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'T is time must do. Beseech your majesty,
Forbear sharp speeches to her: she 's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter Attendant.

Cym. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answered?

Atten. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all locked; and there 's no answer
That will be given to the loud'st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her.
She prayed me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrained, by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this
She wished me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors locked?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I say, follow the king.

Clo. That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days.

Queen. Go look after.— [*Exit* CLOTEN.
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair has seized her;
Or, winged with fervour of her love, she's flown
To her desired Posthúmus. Gone she is,
To death or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

Re-enter CLOTEN.

How now, my son?

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. [*Aside.*] All the better: may
This night forestall him of the coming day! [*Exit.*

Clo. I love, and hate her; for she's fair and royal,
And that she has all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore. But,
Disdaining me and throwing favours on
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,
That what's else rare is choked; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her; nay, indeed,
To be revenged upon her: for, when fools
Shall—

Enter PISANIO.

Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pander! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word—or else
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

Pis. O, good my lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter,
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I 'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A drachm of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word:—no more of worthy lord!—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a letter.*

Clo. Let 's see 't.—I will pursue her
Even to Augustus' throne.

Pis. [*Aside.*] Or this, or perish.
She 's far enough; and what he learns by this,

May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Hum!

Pis. [*Aside.*] I 'll write to my lord she 's dead. O Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Posthúmus' hand; I know 't.—Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service, undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthúmus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand; here 's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same

suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

Pis. I shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven! I forgot to ask him one thing; I 'll remember 't anon.—Even there, thou villain, Posthúmus, will I kill thee.—I would these garments were come. She said upon a time (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart), that she held the very 'garment' of Posthúmus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised), to the court I 'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I 'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is 't since she went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford: 'would I had wings to follow it.—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,
Were to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings on her! This fool's speed
Be crossed with slowness: labour be his meed.
[*Exit.*

Scene VI.—Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, *in boy's clothes.*

Imo. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick,

But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio showed thee,
Thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them, knowing 't is
A punishment or trial? Yes, no wonder;
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou 'rt one o' the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger 's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to 't: 't is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature makes it valiant,
Plenty and peace breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! Who's here?
If anything that 's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then, I 'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy

But fear the sword like me, he 'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*Enters the cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. You, Polydore, have proved best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal and I
Will play the cook and servant; 't is our match:
The sweat of industry would dry and die,
But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
Will make what 's homely, savoury: weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I 'm throughly weary.

Arv. I 'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i' the cave: we 'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

Bel. [*Looking into the cave.*] Stay: come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What 's the matter, sir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

Re-enter IMOGEN.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took. Good troth,
I have stol'n nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed i' the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted so,
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 't is no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

Imo. I see, you're angry.
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven.

Bel. What 's your name?

Imo. Fidele, sir. I have a kinsman who
Is bound for Italy; he embarked at Milford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I 'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'T is almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks, to stay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I 'll make 't my comfort
He is a man: I 'll love him as my brother;
And such a welcome as I 'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends!
[*Aside.*] If brothers! 'Would it had been so, that they
Had been my father's sons! Then had my prize
Been less; and so more equal ballasting
To thee, Posthúmus.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Gui. Would I could free 't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys. [*Whispering.*

Imo. Great men

That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience sealed them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus' false.

Bel. It shall be so.
Boys, we 'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped
We 'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl and morn to the lark less welcome.

Imo. Thanks, sir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the emperor's writ,—
That since the common men are now in action

'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians,
And that the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars against
The fall'n-off Britons, that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius proconsul: and to you, the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commends
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy
Must be supplyant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their despatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—The Forest near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit

his 'garments' serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather, saving reverence of the word, for 't is said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself,—for it is not vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber I mean,—the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperceiverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is? Posthúmus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforced, thy 'garments' cut to pieces before thy face; and all this done, spurn her home to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—Before the Cave.

Enter, from the cave, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, *and* Imogen.

Bel. [*To* Imogen.] You are not well: remain
here in the cave;
We 'll come to you after hunting.
Arv. [*To* Imogen.] Brother, stay here:
Are we not brothers?
Imo. So man and man should be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.
Gui. Go you to hunting; I 'll abide with him.
Imo. So sick I am not,—yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton as
To seem to die ere sick. So please you, leave me;
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: society is no comfort
To one not sociable. I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it: pray you, trust me here;
I 'll rob none but myself; and let me die,
Stealing so poorly.
Gui. I love thee; I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,

As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason 's without reason: the bier at door
And a demand who is 't shall die, I 'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [*Aside.*] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran, contempt and grace.
I 'm not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, loved before me.—
'T is the ninth hour o' the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

Imo. [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods,
what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court:
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report.
The imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I 'll now taste of thy drug. [*Swallows some.*

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said he was gentle but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shalt be ever.

[*Exit* IMOGEN.

This youth, howe'er distressed, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings!

Gui. But his neat cookery! He cuts our roots
In characters;
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix

With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come away!—Who's there?

Enter CLOTEN.

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mocked me.—I am faint.

Bel. 'Those runagates'
Means he not us? I partly know him; 't is
Cloten, the son o' the queen. I fear some ambush.
I saw him not these many years, and yet
I know 't is he.—We are held as outlaws:—hence.

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near; pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A slave without a knock.
Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.
Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?
Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothes?
Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.
Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.
Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I'm loath to beat thee.
Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.
Gui. What's thy name?
Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were 't Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'T would move me sooner.
Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.
Gui. I am sorry for 't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.
Clo. Art not afeard?
Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear—the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.
Clo. Die the death.
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustic mountaineer. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Re-enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. No companies abroad?
Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.
Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurred those lines of favour

Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute,
'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS *with* CLOTEN'S *head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains, for he had none;
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,
Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who called me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he 'd take us in,
Displace our heads where, thank the gods, they grow,
And set them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our lives? The law
Protects not us: then, why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law? What company
Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason
He must have some attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not
Absolute madness, could so far have raved,
To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court that such as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
As it is like him, might break out, and swear
He'd fetch us in; yet is 't not probable
To come alone, either he so undertaking,
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,
My brother hath done well.
Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness
Did make my way long forth.
Gui. With his own sword,
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I 'll throw 't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
And tell the fishes, he 's the queen's son, Cloten:
That 's all I reck. [*Exit.*
Bel. I fear, 't will be revenged.
Would, Polydore, thou hadst not done 't though valour
Becomes thee well enough.
Arv. Would I had done 't,
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou 'st robbed me of this deed: I would revenges
That possible strength might meet would seek us through,
And put us to our answer.
Bel. Well, 't is done
We 'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger

Where there 's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock :
You and Fidele play the cooks ; I 'll stay
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele !
I 'll willingly to him : to gain his colour,
I 'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,
And praise myself for charity. [*Exit.*

Bel. O thou goddess,
Thou divine nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys ! They are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head ; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed ! Yet still it 's strange
What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where 's my brother ?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,
In embassy to his mother: his body 's hostage
For his return. [*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!
Hark, Polydore, it sounds; but what occasion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion? Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? since death of my dear'st mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes and grief for boys.
Is Cadwal mad?

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead in his arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not th' one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy.—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, but laughed at; his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.
Gui. Where?
Arv. O' the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answered my steps too loud.
Gui. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed:
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,

And worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I 'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flower that 's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath : the ruddock would,
With charitable bill,—O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument !—bring thee all this ;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done ;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where shall 's lay him ?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be 't so :
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,

Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot sing: I 'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We 'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I see, medicine the less; for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys;
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that: though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet—Reverence—
That angel of the world—doth make distinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you 'll go fetch him,
We 'll say our song the whilst.—Brother begin.

[*Exit* Belarius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east;

My father has a reason for 't.

Arv. 'T is true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So.—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o' the sun,*
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o' the great,*
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Gui. *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*
Arv. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*
Gui. *Fear not slander, censure rash;*
Arv. *Thou hast finished joy and moan:*
Both. *All lovers young, all lovers must*
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*
Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*
Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
Both. *Quiet consummation have;*
And renownéd be thy grave!

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obsequies. Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here 's a few flowers; but 'bout midnight more:
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night,
Are strewings fitt'st for graves. — Upon their faces. —
You were as flowers, now withered; even so
These herblets shall, which we upon you strew. —
Come on, away; apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them first, has them again:
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Imo. [*Awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way? —
I thank you. — By yond bush? — Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pittikins! — can it be six miles yet? —

I have gone all night.—'Faith, I 'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O gods and goddesses!
[*Seeing the body of* CLOTEN.
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on 't.—I hope, I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures; but 't is not so:
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear: but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, feared gods, a part of it!
The dream 's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthúmus!
I know the shape of his leg; this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—
Murder in heaven?—How?—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspired with that irregulous devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write and read

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damned Pisanio
Hath with his forgéd letters,—damned Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have killed thee at the heart,
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?
'T is he, and Cloten: Malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 't is pregnant, pregnant.
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murderous to the senses? That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may seem to those
Which chance to find us. O, my lord, my lord!
[*Falls on the body.*

Enter LUCIUS, *a Captain and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

Cap. To them the legions garrisoned in Gallia,
After your will, have crossed the sea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:

They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?

Cap. The senate hath stirred up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy: most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o' the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be mustered; bid the captains look to 't.—Now, sir,
What have you dreamed of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods showed me a vision,—
I fast, and prayed, for their intelligence,—thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, winged
From the spungy south to this part of the west,
There vanished in the sunbeams: which portends,
Unless my sins abuse my divination,
Success to the Roman host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,

Without his top? The ruin speaks, that some-
time
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather;
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—
Let 's see the boy's face.

Cap. He 's alive, my lord.

Luc. He 'll then instruct us of this body.—
Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath altered that good picture? What 's thy
interest
In this sad wrack? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There is no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, and all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master in bleeding. Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ. [*Aside.*] If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
They 'll pardon it.—Say you, sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thyself the very same.
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well mastered, but, be sure,
No less beloved. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee. Go with me.

Imo. I 'll follow, sir. But first, an 't please the gods,
I 'll hide my master from the flies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strewed his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I 'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,

So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied spot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partisans
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferred
By thee to us, and he shall be interred,
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—In Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, *Lords*, Pisanio, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 't is with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life 's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee,—thee, fellow,

Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we 'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he 's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome.
[*To* Pisanio.] We 'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy
Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coast with a supply
Of Roman gentlemen by the senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and queen!
I am amazed with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,

Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 're ready.
The want is, but to put those powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let 's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!

[*Exeunt all but* PISANIO.

Pis. I heard no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain: 't is strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplexed in all: the Heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I 'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be cleared;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.

[*Exit.*

Scene IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Must or for Britons slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We 'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.
To the king's party there 's no going: newness
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have lived; and so extort from 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, sir, a doubt
In such a time nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,
Behold their quartered fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloyed importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king
Hath not deserved my service, nor your loves,
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promised,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Gui. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourself,
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,
Cannot be questioned.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I 'll thither: what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die? scarce ever looked on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?

Never bestrid a horse, save one that had
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am ashamed
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blessed beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I 'll go.
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,
I 'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of Romans.

Arv. So say I. Amen.

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My cracked one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I 'll lie:
Lead, lead.—[*Aside.*] The time seems long; their blood thinks scorn
Till it fly out and show them princes born.

[*Exeunt*

ACT V.

Scene I.—A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody handkerchief.*

Post. Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wished
Thou shouldst be coloured thus. You married ones,
If each of you should take this course, how many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For wrying but a little!—O Pisanio!
Every good servant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to put on this: so had you saved
The noble Imogen to repent, and struck
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You snatch some hence for little faults; that 's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit
To second ills with ills, each elder worse,
And make them dread it, to the doers' thrift.
But Imogen is your own: do your best wills,

And make me blessed to obey!—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Against my lady's kingdom: 't is enough
That, Britain, I have killed thy mistress. Peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight
Against the part I come with; so I'll die
For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death; and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me than my habits show.
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin
The fashion, less without and more within. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—The Same.

Enter, at one side, Lucius, Iachimo, *and the Roman Army: at the other side, the British Army;* Leonatus Posthumus *following, like a poor soldier. They march over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again, in skirmish,* Iachimo *and* Posthumus: *he vanquisheth and disarmeth* Iachimo, *and then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princess of this country, and the air on 't
Revengingly enfeebles me. Or could this carl,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout as he exceeds our lords the odds
Is, that we scarce are men and you are gods. [*Exit.*

The battle continues; the Britons fly; Cymbeline *is taken: then enter, to his rescue,* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.

Bel. Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the ground.

The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui., Arv. Stand, stand, and fight!

Re-enter POSTHUMUS, *and seconds the Britons; they rescue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then re-enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself;
For friends kill friends, and the disorder 's such
As war were hood-winked.

Iach. 'T is their fresh supplies

Luc. It is a day turned strangely: or betimes
Let 's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a British Lord.*

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;
Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,
But that the heavens fought. The king himself

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools do 't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touched, some falling
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was dammed
With dead men hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthened shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditched and walled with turf;
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—
An honest one, I warrant; who deserved
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for 's country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two striplings—lads more like to run
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cased, or shame—
Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,
'Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards. Stand!
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save,

But to look back in frown : stand, stand !'—These three,
Three thousand confident, in act as many,—
For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing—with this word, 'Stand, stand!'
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turned
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks,
Part shame, part spirit renewed ; that some, turned coward
But by example,—O, a sin in war,
Damned in the first beginners !—gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began
A stop i' the chaser, a retire ; anon,
A rout, confusion thick : forthwith they fly,
Chickens, the way which they stooped eagles ; slaves,
The strides they victors made. And now our cowards,
Like fragments in hard voyages, became
The life o' the need : having found the back-door open
Of the unguarded hearts, heavens, how they wound !

Some slain before ; some dying ; some, their friends,
O'erborne i' the former wave : ten, chased by one,
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :
Those that would die or ere resist, are grown
The mortal bugs o' the field.

Lord. This was strange chance :
A narrow lane, an old man, and two boys !

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it : you are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon 't,
And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :
'Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preserved the Britons, was the Romans' bane.'

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. 'Lack ! to what end ?
Who dares not stand his foe, I 'll be his friend ;
For if he 'll do as he is made to do,
I know he 'll quickly fly my friendship too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell ; you 're angry. [*Exit.*

Post. Still going ?—This is a lord. O noble misery !
To be i' the field, and ask, what news, of me !
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have saved their carcasses ! took heel to do 't,
And yet died too ! I, in mine own woe charmed,

Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
Nor feel him where he struck : being an ugly
monster,
'T is strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words ; or hath moe ministers than we
That draw his knives i' the war.—Well, I will find
him ;
For, being now a favourer to the Briton,
No more a Briton, I have resumed again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest hind that shall
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
Here made by the Roman ; great the answer be
Britons must take. For me, my ransom 's death :
On either side I come to spend my breath ;
Which neither here I 'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by some means for Imogen.

Enter Two British Captains and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be praised ! Lucius is
taken.
'T is thought, the old man and his sons were
angels,
2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the affront with them.
1 *Cap.* So 't is reported;

But none of 'em can be found.—Stand! who is there?

Post. A Roman,
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
Had answered him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell
What crows have pecked them here. He brags his service
As if he were of note. Bring him to the king.

Enter CYMBELINE, *attended;* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, *and Roman Captives. The Captains present* POSTHUMUS *to* CYMBELINE, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler; after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—A Prison.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stol'n; you've locks upon you:
So, graze as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*

Post. Most welcome, bondage, for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty. Yet am I better
Than one that 's sick o' the gout; since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cured
By the sure physician, death, who is the key
To unbar these locks. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt;
Then, free for ever! Is 't enough, I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired, more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 't is the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
I know you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement: that 's not my desire.
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'T is not so dear, yet 't is a life; you coined it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;

Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great
powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen !
I 'll speak to thee in silence.

Solemn music. Enter, as in an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, *father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with music before them. Then, after other music, follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies sleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show
Thy spite on mortal flies :
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whose face I never saw ?
I died, whilst in the womb he stayed
Attending nature's law.

Whose father then, as men report,
Thou, orphans' father, art,
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vexing smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthúmus ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserved the praise o' the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mocked,
To be exiled, and thrown
From Leonati's seat, and cast
From her his dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the geck and scorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this from stiller seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and Tenantius' right
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthúmus hath
To Cymbeline performed:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourned
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turned?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise
Upon a valiant race thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppress't;
No care of yours it is: you know, 't is ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delayed, delighted. Be content;
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.
Our Jovial star reigned at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—
He shall be lord of Lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine.
And so, away: no further with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stooped, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blessed fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement closes; he is entered
His radiant roof,—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

Post. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother and two brothers. But, O scorn,
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I wake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour dream as I have done,—
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steeped in favours; so am I,

That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O
rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[*Reads.*] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not; either both, or nothing:
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I 'll keep, if but for sympathy.

Re-enter Gaoler.

Gaol. Come, sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather; ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, sir: if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators the dish pays the shot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, sir; but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern-bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink, sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debitor-and-creditor but it; of what 's past, is, and to come, the discharge.—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer; for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or take upon yourself that which I am sure you do not know, or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you 'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging 's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles: bring your prisoner to the king.

Post. Thou bring'st good news. I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I 'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* POSTHUMUS *and Messenger.*

Gaol. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves

desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them, too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of gaolers and gallowses! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in 't. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stepped before targes of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promised nought
But beggary and poor looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been searched among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward ; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'T is now the time
To ask of whence you are : report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym. Bow your knees.
Arise, my knights o' the battle : I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter CORNELIUS *and Ladies.*

There 's business in these faces.—Why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like Romans,
And not o' the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king !
To sour your happiness, I must report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Who worse than a physician

Would this report become? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself. What she confessed,
I will report, so please you: these her women
Can trip me, if I err, who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finished.

Cym. Pr'ythee, say.

Cor. First, she confessed she never loved you; only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorred your person.

Cym. She alone knew this;
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess,
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is 't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you: in which time she purposed,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her show; yea, and in time—
When she had fitted you with her craft—to work
Her son into the adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; opened, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatched were not effected: so,
Despairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the Soothsayer, and other Roman Prisoners, guarded;* POSTHUMUS *behind; and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have razed out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeased with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threatened
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be called ransom, let it come: sufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on 't: and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransomed: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join

With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have served a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why nor wherefore
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack!
There's other work in hand. (*Looking on* IACHIMO.) I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—

Why stands he so perplexed?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?
speak;
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness; who, being born your
vassal,
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, sir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy master: walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *converse apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy revived from death?

Arv. One sand another
Not more resembles: that sweet rosy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele.—What think you?

Gui. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not:
forbear;

Creatures may be alike: were 't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Gui. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let 's see further.

Pis. [*Aside.*] It is my mistress!
Since she is living, let the time run on
To good or bad.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side:
Make thy demand aloud.—[*To* IACHIMO.] Sir, step you forth;
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. [*Aside.*] What 's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou 'lt torture me to leave unspoken that
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be constrained to utter that

Which torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring: 't was Leonatus' jewel
Whom thou didst banish; and,—which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,—a nobler sir ne'er lived
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter!—what of her? Renew thy strength:
I had rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more. Strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time,—unhappy was the clock
That struck the hour!—it was in Rome,—accursed
The mansion where!—'t was at a feast—O, 'would
Our viands had been poisoned, or at least
Those which I heaved to head!—the good Posthúmus—
What should I say? he was too good to be
Where ill men were, and was the best of all
Amongst the rar'st of good ones—sitting sadly,
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy

For beauty, that made barren the swelled boast
Of him that best could speak : for feature, laming
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,
Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for ; besides that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye.

Cym. I stand on fire.
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Post-
húmus,
Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover, took his hint ;
And, not dispraising whom we praised, therein
He was as calm as virtue, he began
His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue being
made,
And then a mind put in 't, either our brags
Were cracked of kitchen-trulls, or his description
Proved us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold : whereat I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise ; and wagered with him

Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honoured finger, to attain
In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of 's car. Away to Britain
Post I in this design. Well may you, sir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quenched
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice so prevailed,
That I returned with simular proof, enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,—
O cunning, how I got it!—nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite cracked,

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. [*Coming forward.*] Ay, so thou dost,
Italian fiend !—Ah me ! most credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, anything
That 's due to all the villains past, in being,
To come !—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justicer ! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious : it is I
That all the abhorred things o' the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That killed thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie ;
That caused a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do 't :—the temple
Of Virtue was she, yea, and she herself.
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me ; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me : every villain
Be called Posthumus Leonatus ; and
Be villainy less than 't was ! O Imogen !
My queen, my life, my wife ! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen !

Imo. Peace, my lord ! hear, hear !

Post. Shall 's have a play of this ! Thou scornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her : she falls.*]

Pis. O gentlemen, help

Mine and your mistress.—O, my Lord Posthumus!
You ne'er killed Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honoured lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. O, get thee from my sight;
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poisoned me.

Cor. O gods!
I left out one thing which the queen confessed,
Which must approve thee honest: 'If Pisanio
Have,' said she, 'given his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.'

Cym. What 's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, sir, very oft importuned me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die.

Cym. How now, my flesh, my child!
What! mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. [*Kneeling.*] Your blessing, sir.

Bel. [*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.] Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

You had a motive for 't.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for 't, my lord.

Cym. O, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely: but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foamed at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feignéd letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforced from me, away he posts,
With unchaste purpose and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the story:
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny 't again.

Gui. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A most uncivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
If it could so roar to me. I cut off 's head;
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee:
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must
Endure our law. Thou 'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, sir king.
This man is better than the man he slew,
As well descended as thyself; and hath
More of thee merited than a band of Clotens
Had ever scar for.—[*To the Guard.*] Let his arms alone;

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for 't.

Bel. We will die all three;
But I will prove that two on 's are as good
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must
For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger 's ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it, then.—By leave;
Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who was called
Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A banished traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assumed this age: indeed, a banished man;
I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence.
The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot:
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;

And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have received it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt and saucy; here's my knee:
Ere I arise I will prefer my sons;
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,
These two young gentlemen, that call me father
And think they are my sons, are none of mine:
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my issue?

Bel. So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banished:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself and all my treason; that I suffered
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes,
For such and so they are, these twenty years
Have I trained up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I moved her to 't,
Having received the punishment before
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty

Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you 't was felt, the more it shaped
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,
Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st and speak'st.
The service that you three have done is more
Unlike than this thou tell'st. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.

Bel. Be pleased awhile.
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius;
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapped
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp.

It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O, what, am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoiced deliverance more.—Blessed pray you be,
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by 't.—O my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you called me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e'er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting loved;
Continued so, until we thought he died.
Cor. By the queen's dram she swallowed.
Cym. O rare instinct!
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where, how lived you?

And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? These,
And your three motives to the battle, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependencies,
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,
Will serve our long inter'gatories. See,
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her master, hitting
Each object with a joy: the counterchange
Is severally in all. Let 's quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
[*To* Belarius.] Thou art my brother: so we 'll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'erjoyed,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well becomed this place, and graced
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeming: 't was a fitment for
The purpose I then followed.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.

Iach. [*Kneeling.*] I am down again;
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
Which I so often owe; but your ring first,
And here the bracelet of the truest princess
That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doomed
We 'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon 's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;

Joyed are we, that you are.

Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle backed,
Appeared to me, with other spritely shows
Of mine own kindred: when I waked, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good lord. [*Coming forward.*

Luc. Read and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [*Reads.*] "*Whenas a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*"

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.

[*To* CYMBELINE.] The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
Which we call *mollis aer;* and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier,* I divine,
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipped about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee; and thy lopped branches point
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar joined, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin.—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom Heavens, in justice, both on her and hers,
Have laid most heavy hand.

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke

Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant
Is full accomplished ; for the Roman eagle,
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,
Lessened herself, and in the beams o' the sun
So vanished : which foreshowed our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the gods ;
And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils
From our blessed altars. Publish we this peace
To all our subjects. Set we forward. Let
A Roman and a British ensign wave
Friendly together ; so through Lud's town march :
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we 'll ratify ; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there.—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were washed, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*

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KING HENRY VIII.

INTRODUCTION

SHAKESPEARE'S play of *King Henry VIII.* was first printed in the folio of 1623. On the 12th of February, 1604 (New style, 1605), there is this memorandum in the books of the Stationers' Company:

"Nath. Butter.] Yf he get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he begyn to print yt, and then procure the Wardens' hand to yt for the entrance of yt, he is to have the same for his copy."

This shows that there was felt to be some risk of official interference with a play that dealt with the royalty of England in critical times not yet beyond the touch of living memory. A man of seventy-five in February, 1605, was a youth of seventeen when Henry VIII. died, but he would only have been a child of three in the year of the christening of Elizabeth, with which Shakespeare closed his play. The "good allowance" was obtained; for Nathaniel Butter did publish in that year (1605) —with a woodcut of Henry VIII. upon its title-

page—a play of King Henry VIII., called, 'When you See me, you Know me; or, the famous Chronicle Historie of King Henrie the Eight, with the berth and vertuous life of Edward Prince of Wales. As it was playd by the high and mightie Prince of Wales his servants." It is clear, therefore, that the entry made in February, 1605, referred to this play, which was by Samuel Rowley, and which was printed again for Nathaniel Butter in 1613 and in 1621, and of which there was a fourth edition in 1632. Thus there were three editions of Samuel Rowley's play before the first printing of Shakespeare's in the first folio. It is an artless play, in which the young Prince Edward and Will Summers, the King's jester, are much dwelt upon there are two fools to delight the audience, for Wolsey's fool, Patch, is another of the persons of the comedy. It might even be said that there are three fools, his boisterous Majesty, King Henry VIII., being the third.

What evidence is there, then, as to the time when Shakespeare wrote his play of *King Henry the Eighth?* None. On the 29th of June, 1613 the old Globe Theatre was burnt down, about twenty years after its first erection, by the firing of the thatched roof over its stage during the performance of a play clearly identified by Sir Henry Wotton's description of it, and by references to

in a ballad of the time upon "The Lamentable Burning of the Globe Play-house on Saint Peter's Day." We learn that the discharge of chambers referred to was that in the fourth Scene of the First Act when, during Wolsey's banquet at York House, the King is supposed to be landing without, and the stage direction is "Drum and Trumpet. Chambers discharged." Chambers were shallow bombs, of little or no use for discharging shot, but used for firing powder on occasions of rejoicing. The old Globe was a summer theatre, open to the sky, but over the stage there was a thatched roofing to protect the actors and contribute to the framing of the groups they formed. Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew on the 2nd of July, said, "Now to let matters of state sleep; I will entertain you at the present with what hath happened this week at the Bank-side. The King's players had a new play, called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage; the Knights of the Order, with their Georges and Garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like: sufficient in truth, within a while, to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry, making a mask at the Cardinal Wolsey's house,

and certain cannons being shot off at his entry some of the paper, or other stuff wherewith one o them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within an hour, the whole house to the very grounds. This was the fatal period of that vitruous fabric, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks: only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broiled him if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with bottle ale.

Here, then, is clear identification of the scene in Shakespeare's play which gave occasion to the firing of the thatch. There is allusion in the ballad to the trial of Queen Katharine. This, with the omission of two verses that can well be spared, was the ballad written on occasion of

"THE LAMENTABLE BURNING OF THE GLOBE PLAY-HOUSE ON S. PETER'S DAY.

"Now, set thee down, Melpomene,
Wrapp'd in a coal-black robe,
And tell the doleful tragedy
Late playéd at the Globe;
Where all men that could sing or say
Were scarr'd upon S. Peter's day.
O, sorrow! O, pitiful sorrow!
And yet it All is True.

"All you that please to understand,
Come listen to my story,
And see Death with his rake-hell brand
Amongst the auditory;
Regarding neither Cardinal's state,
Nor bearded face of Henry the Eight.
O, sorrow! &c.

"This fearful fire began above
By firing chambers two;
And to the stage did soon remove,
And burn'd th' apparel new:
Consuming every garish rag,
Not sparing even the silken flag.
O, sorrow! &c.

"Away ran knights, away ran lords,
Away ran Burbage too:
Some lost their hats, their cloaks and swords,
For there was such ado.
Old Tooley, careful of his bundle,
Was forc'd to fly with Harry Cundell.
O, sorrow! &c.

"Away ran poets, eight or nine,
Who would take no denial;
Away ran Lady Katharine,
Nor waited out her trial.
Such trial was not in her part;
Escape was all she had at heart.
O, sorrow! &c.

"Then perriwigs and drum-heads fry,
And blaze like butter firkin;
Coal-black was presently the dye
Of many a good buff jerkin.

While with swell'd lips, like drunken Fleming,
Distraught and sad stood stuttering Hemming.
O, sorrow ! &c.

"Go, poets, and prepare petitions,
And through all London beg :
To the Lord Mayor now make submission,
And fawn, and make a leg.
Take heed you be not too too witty,
Or you'll get nothing in the City.
O, sorrow ! O, pitiful sorrow
And yet it All is True."

A letter from John Chamberlain, dated the 8th of July, said, "The burning of the Globe, or play-house, on the Bankside on St. Peter's Day, cannot escape you; which fell out by a peal of chambers that, I know not on what occasion, were to be used in the play—the tampin or stopple of one of them, lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burnt it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining, and it was a great marvel and fair grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out."

Ben Jonson was perhaps among those who escaped, for he may speak literally and not only with poetic vision, when he says in his "Execration to Vulcan," upon the burning of his own

Library, that he "saw" also this one among the fiery god's misdeeds.

"But O, those reeds! Thy mere disdain of them
Made thee beget that cruel stratagem,
Which some are pleased to style but thy mad prank,
Against the Globe, the glory of the Bank;
Which, though it were the fort of the whole parish,
Flanked with a ditch, and forced out of a marish,
I saw with two poor chambers taken in,
And razed, ere thought could urge, 'This might have been.'"

Another account of the burning of the Globe Theatre is in the edition of Stow's "Annales" (first published in 1580), that appeared, "continued and augmented by Edmond Howes," in 1615. Howes writes of 1613: "Also upon St. Peter's Day last the playhouse or theatre, called the Globe, upon the Bankside, near London, by negligent discharging of a piece of ordnance close to the south side thereof the thatch took fire, and the wind suddenly dispersed the flame round about, and in a very short space the whole building was quite consumed, and no man hurt; the house being filled with people to behold the play, viz., of *Henry the Eighth*: and the next spring it was new builded in far fairer manner than before."

Shakespeare, at the time of the burning of the Globe, had entered his fiftieth year, and had lately

retired to Stratford. He died only three years afterwards at the age of fifty-two. Sir Henry Wotton speaks of *All is True* as a new play, but he writes as one who has no great interest in the stage. He was not yet made Provost of Eton, but was much employed in missions to Germany and Italy; and it was he who had then lately described an ambassador as "a good man sent to lie abroad for the sake of his country." The seventeen-year-old Princess Elizabeth had been married on the 14th of February in that year (1613) to the seventeen-year-old Elector Palatine. There had been pomp, masques and plays. They had left England on the 25th of April. The MS. Register of Lord Harrington, King James's treasurer of the chambers, shows that they had seen several of Shakespeare's plays acted under altered names: Part I. of *Henry IV.* as *Hotspur*, Part II. as *Sir John Falstaff*, *Much Ado about Nothing* as *Benedict and Beatrix*, *Julius Cæsar* as *Cæsar's Tragedy*. A new name for *King Henry VIII.* (*All is True*) might be enough to lead Sir Henry Wotton to the belief that it was a new play.

If really new in 1613, *King Henry VIII.* was probably the last play written by Shakespeare. I am disposed to agree with Johnson, Steevens and Malone in thinking that it was written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth; but this is not

proved, as they suppose it to be proved, by showing good reason for belief that the references to James I. in the prophecy of Cranmer at the close of the play are interpolations. The reign of James was outside the conception of the poet; but the reign of Elizabeth had close and direct relation to it. If Shakespeare wrote the play in 1612, James would have occurred to him then as little as in 1601 or 1602. But in 1613 the King's Players thought they saw good opportunity for paying compliments to James the First, and got their compliment so clumsily inserted that King James follows Elizabeth before Elizabeth's death is looked forward to as inevitable, and the death of Elizabeth appears as something that will happen after the accession of James. That there is interpolation I have not a doubt; but I suspect that one part of the change consisted in a transference to James of some lines written by Shakespeare of Elizabeth, by simply writing "he" for "she." Ralcigh's fair dream, that was not all a dream, of another England far across the seas, of which Virginia should be the first and fairest province, was an association with Elizabeth's reign that admitted of easy transfer to James, who gave letters patent to a London company that settled colonists on the James River and founded James Town in 1607. But Elizabeth, inspired by Raleigh and by the achievements

of her mariners, first gave her heart to the conception of a greater England with realms beyond the sea that should open sources of wealth like those which had added to the power of Spain. She gave its name to Virginia, and heaped wealth upon Raleigh, that he spent in furnishing his costly expeditions; she granted patents in 1585 to private adventurers who sought to trade with Barbary, in 1588 to adventurers who sought to establish trade in Guinea, in 1592 to adventurers to the south of Sierra Leone. That aim of hers had a just place in Cranmer's prophecy, of which the latter part would read thus, when cleared of the intruded reference to James :—

"Truth shall nurse her,
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and feared: her own shall bless her.
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he plants, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by these claim their greatness, not by blood.
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
Her honour and the greatness of her name
Shall be, and make new nations. She shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach her branches

To all the plains about her : our children's children
Shall see this and bless Heaven.

K. Henry. Thou speakest wonders.

Cranmer. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Henry. O, Lord Archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get anything :
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker."

By what conceivable sequence of ideas could any poet, good or bad, have thrust King James the First into the very middle of this passage? The birth of Elizabeth, her labour towards Peace and Reformation, were the direct outcome of the wild tossing of human fortunes which has been shown in the substance of the play. There is a picture of the instability of earthly glory, the rising and the breaking of the waves of fortune ; but it is not to leave the mind impressed with a vague sense of human life as a wild sea on which the just and unjust battle with the waves, or sink beneath them, with hope that looks only to some other world than this. The last thought is of God's

Providence directing all. Out of the fitful passions of the King there came the child through whom the nation was to rise hereafter to a higher life. It is another way of showing the truth spoken in the close of *Hamlet* :—

> "There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough hew them how we will."

But only Elizabeth belonged to the play as the good come out of evil, blessing born of the events that seemed a curse upon the lives of men. The whole prophecy at her baptism is the fit close to the poem, in faith that

> "All is best, though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Of highest Wisdom brings about,
> And ever best found in the end."

James the First can have no poetical relation to the play, for he is no outcome of its events. He has, from the poet's point of view, no more right than the Grand Turk to a place in Cranmer's prophecy. This is equally true, whether the play were written in 1602 or in 1612, under Elizabeth or under James. No argument against the later date of the play can be drawn, therefore, from this interpolation.

Argument for the later date has been drawn, not unreasonably, from the versification. Our first

blank verse was written in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII. by the Earl of Surrey. It was imitated from an Italian unrhymed measure, at a time when various forms of unrhymed verse were being tried in Italy ; and it consisted of ten syllables of iambic measure, every second syllable being accented, as in this line :—

"The greát | est món | arch nów | alíve | may glór | y."

Here there is a vowel over. In Italian that was not easily avoidable, because a large number of words in Italian end with unaccented vowels. The Italian verse which Surrey imitated did therefore close with that weak eleventh syllable. Surrey dropped it because most English words have lost their final vowels, and so his blank verse was ten-syllabled, as in this line :—

"His róy | al sélf | in júdg | ment cómes | to heár."

Our earliest blank verse took few liberties with the accent, kept to its ten syllables, and usually brought a clause or sentence to its close at the closing of a line of verse. It was Marlowe who turned altogether from the use of rhyme in plays, and with a vigorous genius not only preferred blank verse but, about the year 1586, began the development of its great powers of poetical expression. The career of Marlowe as a dramatist extended

over seven years. During the greater part of this time Shakespeare was a beginner among the players, observing them and strengthening in power. At the close of those seven years he had become an original dramatist; using blank verse at first with no more freedom in changes of accent, in the use of eleventh syllables, in the running of sentences over the ends of lines, and making skilful breaks within the lines, than he had learnt of Marlowe. But gradually the powers of blank verse grew under his hand. He made freer use of unaccented eleventh syllables, of variations in the accent, and advanced in that which Milton recognised as a main source of its power, "the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another." This freedom grew, and in its full growth produced what some regard as a third period in Shakespeare's versification when modification of accent, added syllables, and sentences variously interlaced are much more numerous than in his early plays. Now there is no play of Shakespeare's in which eleven-syllabled lines are so frequent as they are in *King Henry VIII.* One very able critic has observed that the unaccented eleventh syllables in *King Henry VIII.* are often detached monosyllables, a peculiarity that distinguishes this from other plays of Shakespeare, and, in the opinion of that critic, proves it to have been written by some other poet. It is noticeable, however, that this

feature is most marked in those passages of the play which are among the finest, and in which the genius of Shakespeare is most surely felt, as in this well-known passage, where, for convenience of illustration, in each line the syllable beyond the tenth is printed in italics :—

> "So, farewell to the little good you bear *me*.
> Farewell! a long farewell, to all my great*ness!*
> This is the state of man: to-day he puts *forth*
> The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blos*soms*,
> And bears his blushing honours thick upon *him*:
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full sure*ly*
> His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
> And then he falls, as I do. I have vent*ured*,
> Like little wanton boys that swim on blad*ders*,
> This many summers in a sea of glor*y*,
> But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
> At length broke under me, and now has left *me*
> Weary, and old with service, to the mer*cy*
> Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide *me*.
> Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate *ye*;
> I feel my heart new opened."

Here it may be observed that the only lines which close firmly with an accented syllable are the two that paint the "killing frost" that "nips the root," and one that expresses the "high-blown pride" now fallen. The reader will observe especially the use of this measure in speeches like this of Wolsey's in his fall, or that of Buckingham

before his execution. It breaks the pomp of each verse at the close, and gives to it a dying fall that suits the theme of the whole play, the broken pomps of life, the wave that rolls to its full height, then bows its crest and falls. If this be so, may we not say that, before the death of Elizabeth, Shakespeare was artist enough to suit his measure to his theme?

What was that theme? Wholly unlike the mirth and noise of targets, the fellow in long motley coat, the "fool and fight" referred to by contrast in the Prologue. Prologue and epilogue were written doubtless by some other hand for the production of the play in 1613; and the Prologue seems to have been meant as warning to the audience that this *King Henry VIII.* was Shakespeare's and not Samuel Rowley's. Rowley made of the subject such comedy as the Prologue points at. Shakespeare's treatment of it was profoundly earnest and religious.

The whole play tells us of the seeming chances and the sudden changes of this life, and the only trust in God. Henry VIII. stands in the centre as an earthly god, Fortune. He smiles, men prosper; if he frown, they die. Scene after scene shows the rise and fall of human fortunes as of waves of the great sea, and each fall—Buckingham's, Katharine's, Wolsey's—leads to the same thought—

"Farewell
The hopes of Court! My hopes in Heaven do dwell."

Through four acts this is illustrated, not only by the main events, but by all incidental details. In the fifth act there is a new note struck in the music:—not alone to men singly, but to men in nations, to the race of man, the last and sure trust is in God, who turns our evil into good. He guides the nations in their darkest hours. His love is over all. The whole play of *King Henry VIII.* breathes a spirit that might be expressed in words from the 39th Psalm: "Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain; he heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my Hope? truly my Hope is even in Thee."

The Fall with which the play opens is that of the Duke of Buckingham, and the first note struck is of the vanity of earthly pomp in a description of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. That meeting between King Henry and the King of France was in 1520; and Buckingham, at the height of his prosperity, but on the brink of ruin, is supposed to have been in France, kept by an ague from the meeting of the Kings, at which history says he was present. Shakespeare meant that his play should open with a picture of vain pomp and glory of the world. Its vanity the dialogue of the scene shows, for the

peace it celebrated was a false peace, and the rich lords had been sent thither by Wolsey that they might break their fortunes by selling manors to maintain their state. The scheming of Wolsey, the distrust of him by English nobles, the disdain of Buckingham, and Wolsey's will to take revenge for it, are all brought to mind before we are shown in action Wolsey passing in his state, "who in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain." The words of Buckingham after Wolsey has passed, here printed

> "A beggar's look
> Outworths a noble's blood,"

stand in the first folio "a beggar's booke;" one editor reads "a beggar's brood." The whole attention of Wolsey and Buckingham is on the look of disdain wherewith each dares the other. Wolsey turns to his secretary for the paper that will bring his antagonist to the scaffold, where he shall "lessen this big look." Buckingham sees deadly purpose in the fixed eyes of Wolsey, and that this "beggar's look" is more than a noble's blood is worth—menaces death—and dwells on the same thought after the words of Norfolk's reply, saying,

> "I read in 's looks
> Matters against me;"

and again, "He 's gone to the King, I 'll follow and outstare him." Then follows immediately the arrest of Buckingham and of his son-in-law, Lord Abergavenny Buckingham looks to Heaven in his fall:

> "The will of Heaven be done
> In this and all things."

Abergavenny, when his arrest follows, resigns himself in like manner, and gives emphasis by the repetition,

> "As the Duke said,
> The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
> By me obeyed."

In the next scene, in the Council Chamber, the breaking of this wave of earthly fortune is continued; Wolsey's wave is still high. "The King enters, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder." Katharine's wave is still high; when she enters "the King rises from his State, takes her up, kisses and places her by him." The two chief examples of the instability of earthly glory, Wolsey and Katharine, are now face to face. Katharine is made throughout the play as near to an angel as she can be and yet be a woman, and a Spanish Princess too. She pleads against exactions burdening the people, puts in warning words of mercy while Wolsey presses his revenge against Bucking-

ham to the death. The contrast is carefully maintained in other scenes, for "there is one end to the just and to the unjust;" there is no sure foothold on the paths of this world's wealth. Buckingham is under the King's frown, and sent to trial as a traitor for proud words reported by the men of his own household whom he trusted most. Then we pass from the fall of Buckingham to the rising of the wave that will bear Anne Boleyn to her crowning—a scene, perhaps not written by Shakespeare, seems to have no aim but the avoidance of a direct passing from Wolsey in the Council Chamber to Wolsey as luxurious host in York Place. Then follows the banqueting, to which the King comes masqued, and with his dignity announced by that discharge of chambers which set fire to the Globe Theatre in June, 1613. Here the King takes Anne Boleyn for the dance. He is passionately occupied with her, and when Wolsey would interpose a little check by withdrawing his impetuous guest to the banqueting room his Majesty has sense of his own in answer to the Cardinal's

> "Your grace,
> I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
> *K. Hen.* I fear, too much."

So to the feast in the next chamber, and then back to the dance, and then

"Let's dream
Who 's best in favour."

Thus in the First Act we have the beginning of the Fall of Buckingham, and the beginning of the Rise of Anne Boleyn.

In the Second Act we have the completed Fall of Buckingham, the continued Rise of Anne, and the beginning of the Fall of Katharine.

Two gentlemen meet, to see Buckingham pass to his execution. They will meet again in the play to see Anne pass to her coronation. Their dialogue describes Buckingham's trial, and continues illustrative of the clouds of ill-will gathering in Wolsey's earthly heaven. Buckingham passes—"tipstaves before him; the axe with its edge towards him." His last words are pathetic, with that dying fall in the metre which we find afterwards marked as strongly in the speeches of the fallen Wolsey. Buckingham is passing out of the vain shadow, with his one last hope in God. Of those who loved him he asks that they will make of their prayers one sweet sacrifice, and lift his soul to Heaven. "Lead on, o' God's name." He dies, forgiving all his enemies; bids Lovell commend him to the King:—

"And if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in Heaven."

Then follows one of those touches of poetic irony frequent in Shakespeare. It is applied, of course, to the theme of the play, the vanity of earthly pomp :

" *Vaux.* Prepare there !
The Duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.
Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone : my state will now but mock me.
When I came hither I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward Bohun."

In the close of that speech we have Buckingham's last words. They include expression of the faith which Shakespeare planned the last act of *King Henry VIII.* to confirm : " Heaven has an end in all." They close with the fallen man's last prayer, "I have done, and God forgive me."—" And now, Lord, what hope I for ? Truly my hope is in Thee."

The next words of the gentlemen who have seen Buckingham pass to the scaffold, while his last breath is still in their ears, carry our minds on without pause to the breaking of the next great wave of fortune :—

" 1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this."

At once we pass to the beginning of the Fall of Katharine, still blended with suggestion of the practices of Wolsey:—

"The Cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall."

Katharine is in this dialogue, "the good Queen;" Wolsey, a man in whom ambition begets malice.

The second scene opens with illustration of Wolsey's overbearing pride, and the ill-will to him of the nobility. But he is strong in the King's favour. He has brought Cardinal Campeius to join in trial of the question of Katharine's divorce, which the new fancy for Anne Boleyn has caused the King to be impatient for. The lords (Norfolk and Suffolk) propose to try their skill with the King in opposition to the influence of Wolsey; but they are chidden away as dogs. Wolsey is master of the situation. Henry's "Who 's there?" before Wolsey enters, is another fierce roar of the angry lion as he hears more steps approaching. But the tone changes to the warmest welcome when Wolsey enters with Campeius. It is, rough and loud, "Who 's there?" then soft and low,

> "My good Lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,
> The quiet of my wounded conscience."

Wolsey's glance at the two lords, as he says,

> "I would your grace would give us but an hour
> Of private conference,"

produces from King Henry a loud and rough dismissal of them: "We are busy. Go."

When the Cardinals arrange for the trial of the question of the King's divorce from Katharine, because she had been his brother Arthur's wife, we have an incidental touch, showing how minor details of a poet's work are brought into relation with the whole design. We have the beginning of the Rise of Gardiner thus indicated:—Henry has taken to him, and made him his secretary. When Henry thinks of sending to tell the Queen what is purposed by the coming of Campeius, it occurs to him to send by Gardiner, whom he misses. When he abruptly asks, "Where's Gardiner?" Wolsey goes on with his discourse and takes no notice of the question. But he gains nothing by that, for the great Cardinal himself is presently compelled to demean himself by going to fetch Gardiner.

> "Cardinal,
> Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
> I find him a fit fellow."

Wolsey brings him, and exchanges words with him to keep him in subordination to himself; but they are few, for his impatient Majesty breaks in with his, "Come hither, Gardiner." While the King speaks apart with Gardiner, whose wave of fortune is upon the rise, a little dialogue between Campeius and Wolsey points incidentally to the predecessor upon whose fall Gardiner has risen:—

"*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Cam. Was he not held a learned man?
Wol. Yes, surely.
Cam. Believe me, there 's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.
Wol. How! of me?
Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That 's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There 's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else."

So may the mean rise on the ruin of the noble. "For there is a man whose labour is in wisdom, and in knowledge, and in equity; yet to a man who hath not laboured therein shall he leave it for

his portion." As Wolsey is to Queen Katharine in the play, so is Gardiner to Doctor Pace. But Katharine and Dr. Pace were not saved by their worth from being crushed under the wheel of earthly fortune.

The third scene of this Act shows the continued Rise of Anne; the fourth then passes to the Fall of Katharine. Anne Boleyn is painted throughout as worthy to be the mother of Queen Elizabeth; and the substance of the last Act is foreshadowed by reference from time to time to some great blessing that shall spring from her. Again also the theme of the play is maintained by contrast of Anne's character with that of a worldly old Court lady, who meets deep sympathy for the fallen Queen with shallow words of course. To Anne's faith that

> "'T is better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow,"

the old Court lady replies in the conventional tone, "Our content is our best having;" but in all that she says afterwards, Shakespeare paints humourously the petty greed of a small courtier's unsatisfied ambition. When the Lord Chamberlain has interrupted them with announcements of the

King's creation of Anne Marchioness of Pembroke, with a thousand pounds a year, and has then departed with the note to himself that in Anne Boleyn beauty and honour are so mingled

> "That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet
> But from this lady may proceed a gem
> To lighten all this isle ?—'

the old lady gives her own reading of a lesson on the freaks of fortune :—

> "Why, this it is ; see, see !
> I have been begging sixteen years in Court,—
> Am yet a courtier beggarly,—nor could
> Come pat between too early and too late
> For any suit of pounds ; and you, O Fate !
> A very fresh-fish here—fie, fie upon
> This compelled fortune !—have your mouth filled up
> Before you open it."

In the next scene, of the Ecclesiastical Court in the house of the Dominicans, Blackfriars, there is an opening touch to mark the King's impatience. Wolsey proposes that the Commissions of the Cardinals should be read, and the King breaks in impatiently with—

> "What 's the need ?
> It hath already publicly been read,
> And on all sides the authority allowed ;
> You may, then, spare that time."

This impatience of a quarter of an hour's delay at the beginning of the scene gives measure of the anger at the end, when nothing is attained but an indefinite postponement.

> "I may perceive,
> These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
> This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
> My learn'd and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
> Pr'ythee return: with thy approach, I know,
> My comfort comes along."

Then angrily, "Break up the Court!—I say, set on." All readers feel the charm that is given in this scene to the character of Katharine by the skilful blending of love, patience, piety, and all womanly graces with high spirit; by the praise that comes with double force from the lips of the husband who is putting her away. We may note also the continued use of Katharine and Wolsey, the two chief types of the fickleness of earthly fortune, as opposites to each other in the spirit, although subject to like forfeits in the flesh.

The Third Act of *King Henry VIII.* in its two scenes is wholly occupied with Katharine and Wolsey. The first scene represents the fallen Queen among her women, and sets her grief to soft music that in Shakespeare's plays was used for expression of the harmony within immortal souls. The words of the song indeed express the thought.

The power of Orpheus is the power of the divine harmony within to calm the waves of passion and bring peace.

> "Everything that heard him play,
> Even the billows of the sea,
> Hung their heads, and then lay by.
> In sweet music is such art,
> Killing care and grief of heart
> Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Now again there is Katharine in contact with Wolsey, simple truth with worldly policy; and in the next scene the talk of the nobles shows, with the Rise of Cranmer, the impending Fall of Wolsey. Then Wolsey enters with disturbed mind, into which we pass (for an Aside means always, Now you hear thinking) and find among all its troubles an unshaken confidence of power:—

> "This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it;
> Then, out it goes."

The King enters, reading the inventory of Wolsey's wealth, put by mistake into the packet to him: "What piles of wealth hath he accumulated," "He heapeth up riches—" The King departs, "frowning upon Wolsey," and leaves him with the paper that completed his ruin. He looks first at the inventory of his wealth, and thinks out a subtlety to overcome that difficulty with the King; but looks then on

the other paper. It is his letter to the Pope; and he is ruined beyond all earthly hope. He is subject to the insults of the nobles, and his eyes are opened to the vanity of earthly glory:

> "Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
> I feel my heart new opened."

We are shown now the better side of Wolsey, through the love for him in those of his own household. In the scene with Cromwell, while the Rise of others on his Fall is told him, out of the heart new opened comes its inmost goodness, and Wolsey reads the lesson of his life to Cromwell, by bidding him avoid its faults, self-seeking revenge, corrupt dealing, as his had been with those who betrayed Buckingham:

> "Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
> Corruption wins not more than honesty.
> Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
> To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
> Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
> Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
> Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
> And—Pr'ythee lead me in:
> There take an inventory of all I have,
> To the last penny; 't is the King's: my robe,
> And my integrity to Heaven, is all
> I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
> Had I but served my God with half the zeal

I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.
Wolsey. So I have.—Farewell
The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell."

"Man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain: he heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them. And now, Lord, what is my hope: truly my hope is in Thee."

The Fourth Act contains two contrasted scenes. One is the coronation of Anne Boleyn; the other is the death of Katharine. The two gentlemen who meet at the crowning of Anne significantly remember that they last met at the execution of Buckingham. One tells another of the dying and deserted Queen at Kimbolton. There is a sigh for the fall of Queen Katharine, followed immediately by the sound of trumpets in the celebration of the rise of Queen Anne.

"Alas, good lady!
[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming."

Then enters another show of pomp—the manner of presenting the play being designed to give "the view of earthly glory." The description of the coronation includes talk of the sickness of the ruined Cardinal, of the rise of Gardiner to be Bishop of Winchester, of Cranmer to the Arch-

bishopric, of Thomas Cromwell to the Privy Council; rise and fall everywhere of the waves of fortune.

The second scene includes the telling of the death of Wolsey with the showing of the death of Katharine. Wolsey died, in fact, on the 29th of November, 1530, and Katharine in January, 1536, more than two years after the birth of Elizabeth; and the coronation of Anne Boleyn was in June, 1533. But in poetry essential truths are shown by bringing suggestive incidents into the most significant relation to each other. So the death of Wolsey is told as recent to the dying Katharine. Wolsey's ambition ends with his appeal to the Abbot of Leicester:

> "O father Abbot,
> An old man, broken with the storms of state,
> Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
> Give him a little earth for charity!"

Katharine's last remembrance of their opposition to each other is lost in words of charity that show the better side of the fallen Cardinal and tell how—

> "His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
> For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
> And found the blessedness of being little:
> And, to add greater honours to his age
> Than man could give him, he died fearing God."

The death of Katharine with her last hope in God is marked by soft music:

> "Cause the musicians play me that sad note
> I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
> On that celestial harmony I go to."

Her vision then presents to the eyes of the spectators, while music suggests also, the heavenly crown she has attained. The spark of royal feeling near the close is the last flash of her mortality, but the last words are of kind thought for those whom she has loved and is now leaving.

Then in the Fifth Act comes the application to the sum of life, to the community of man as to the single man, of the faith expressed by fallen Buckingham:

> "Heaven has an end in all."

The whole Act is concerned with two things: a picture in little of the divisions in the Church, with a control tending towards Reformation; and the birth of Elizabeth, with the prophecy that she, for whom so many seeming chances of unequal fortune had prepared the way, would be a Queen in whose day every man should sing the merry songs of peace to all his neighbours, God should be truly known, and characters of men should give the measure of their greatness. The hope was large,

and true although for full accomplishment England must wait long years beyond the days of Elizabeth or of Victoria. But Shakespeare heard, as we all may hear, the voice of God in History, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee: Be not dismayed, for I am thy God."

H. M.

KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.
CARDINAL WOLSEY.
CARDINAL CAMPEIUS.
CAPUCIUS, *Ambassador from Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
DUKE OF NORFOLK.
DUKE OF SUFFOLK.
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.
EARL OF SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain.
Lord Chancellor.
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.
LORD ABERGAVENNY.
LORD SANDS.
SIR HENRY GUILDFORD.
SIR THOMAS LOVELL.
SIR ANTHONY DENNY.
SIR NICHOLAS VAUX.
Secretaries to Wolsey.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Garter King-at-Arms.
DR. BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant-at-Arms.*
Door-keeper of the Council-chamber.
Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, *Wife to King Henry.*
ANNE BULLEN, *her Maid of Honour.*
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*

Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb-shows; Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other attendants.

SCENE—Chiefly in LONDON and WESTMINSTER; once, at KIMBOLTON.

PROLOGUE.

I COME no more to make you laugh: things now
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,

Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,
Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find Truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they
That come to hear a merry, bawdy play,
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, beside forfeiting
Our own brains, and the opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend,
Will leave us never an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye: think, ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends: then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *at one door; at the other, the Duke of* BUCKINGHAM, *and the Lord* ABERGAVENNY.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done
Since last we saw in France?
Nor. I thank your grace,
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.
Buck. An untimely ague
Stayed me a prisoner in my chamber when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Andren.
Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde:
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback;

Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement as they grew together,
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weighed
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time Pomp was single, but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, till the last
Made former wonders its. To-day the French
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and to-morrow they
Made Britain, India: every man that stood
Showed like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubins, all gilt; the madams too,
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting. Now this masque
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
As presence did present them, him in eye
Still him in praise; and, being present both,

'Twas said, they saw but one, and no discerner
Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
(For so they phrase them) by their heralds challenged
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,—
That Bevis was believed.

Buck. O, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
In honour honesty, the tract of everything
Would by a good discourser lose some life
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it nought rebelled;
Order gave each thing view, the office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together?

Nor. As you guess:
One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was ordered by the good discretion

Of the right reverend Cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
That such a keech can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Surely, sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For, being not propped by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks súccessors their way; nor called upon
For high feats done to the Crown; neither allied
To eminent assistants; spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web,—give us note,—
The force of his own merit makes his way,
A gift that Heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell
What Heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
Or has given all before, and he begins

A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
To whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable Board of Council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sickened their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly I think
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man
After the hideous storm that followed, was

A thing inspired, and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on 't.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flawed the league, and hath attached
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenced?

Nor. Marry, is 't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchased
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The State takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,—
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety—that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together; to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect wants not
A minister in his power. You know his nature,
That he 's revengeful; and I know his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it 's long, and 't may be said,

It reaches far ; and where 't will not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You 'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *the purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on* BUCKINGHAM, *and* BUCKINGHAM *on him, both full of disdain.*

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where 's his examination?

1 *Secr.* Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 *Secr.* Ay, please your grace

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham
Shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouthed, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's look
Outworths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chafed?

Ask God for temperance; that 's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye reviled
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He 's gone to the King;
I 'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I 'll to the King;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There 's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advised;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,

The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advised
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you, and I 'll go along
By your prescription; but this top-proud fellow,—
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions,—by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the King I 'll say 't; and make my vouch as strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both—for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief
As able to perform 't, his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally—
Only to show his pomp as well in France
As here at home, suggests the King, our master,
To this last costly treaty, the interview,
That swallowed so much treasure, and like a glass

Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be :" to as much end
As give a crutch to the dead. But our Count-Cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well ; for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason : Charles the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen, his aunt,—
For 't was, indeed, his colour ; but he came
To whisper Wolsey,—here makes visitation.
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league
Peeped harms that menaced him : he privily
Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,—
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the Emperor
Paid ere he promised, whereby his suit was granted
Ere it was asked,—but when the way was made,
And paved with gold, the Emperor thus desired :
That he would please to alter the King's course,

And break the foresaid peace. Let the King
know—
As soon he shall, by me—that thus the Cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him ; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in 't.

Buck. No, not a syllable.
I do pronounce him in that very shape
He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON ; *a Serjeant-at-Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

Bran. Your office, serjeant ; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
My lord the Duke of Buckingham, and Earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason in the name
Of our most sovereign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net has fallen upon me ! I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure,

You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'st part black. The will of Heaven
Be done, in this and all things.—I obey.—
O, my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well!

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—[*To* ABERGAVENNY.] The King
Is pleased you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obeyed!

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King to attach Lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the Duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor,—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot. No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath showed him gold. My life is spanned already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By darkening my clear sun.—My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—The Council-chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, *leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir* Thomas Lovell: *the Cardinal places himself under the King's feet on his right side.*

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full charged confederacy, and give thanks
To you that choked it.—Let be called before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, 'Room for the Queen!' Enter the QUEEN, *ushered by the Dukes of* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK: *she kneels. The* KING *riseth from his state, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.*

Q. Kath. Nay, we must longer kneel: I am a suitor.

K. Hen. Arise, and take place by us:—half your suit
Never name to us: you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will, and take it.

Q. Kath. Thank your majesty.
That you would love yourself, and in that love
Not unconsidered leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

K. Hen. Lady mine, proceed.

Q. Kath. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flawed the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,

My good lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the King our master,—
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes not
Language unmannerly; yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not 'almost appears,'—
It doth appear; for upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many to them longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,
Unfit for other life, compelled by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And Danger serves among them.

K. Hen. Taxation!
Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord Cardinal,
You that are blamed for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, sir,
I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Q. Kath. No, my lord,

You know no more than others : but you frame
Things, that are known alike, which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing ; and to bear 'em,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

K. Hen. Still exaction !
The nature of it ? In what kind, let 's know,
Is this exaction ?

Q. Kath. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience ; but am boldened
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied
Without delay ; and the pretence for this
Is named, your wars in France. This makes bold mouths :
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them : their curses now

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incenséd will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration; for
There is no primer business.

K. Hen. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice, and that not passed me but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person yet will be
The chronicles of my doing, let me say
'T is but the fate of place and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions in the fear
To cope malicious censurers, which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new-trimmed, but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
For our best action. If we shall stand still,

In fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State-statues only.

K. Hen. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be feared. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hacked,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is questioned, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has denied
The force of this commission. Pray, look to 't;
I put it to your care.

Wol. [*To the Secretary.*] A word with you.
Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the King's grace and pardon. The grieved commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be noised,
That through our intercession this revokement
And pardon comes. I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

K. Hen. It grieves many:
The gentleman is learned, and a most rare speaker;
To nature none more bound, his training such
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself.
Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man so cómplete,
Who was enrolled 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravished listening, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmeared in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear—
This was his gentleman in trust—of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

K. Hen. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, that if the King
Should without issue die, he 'll carry 't so
To make the sceptre his. These very words
I 've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Aberga'ny, to whom by oath he menaced
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Q. Kath. My learned lord Cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

K. Hen. Speak on.
How grounded he his title to the crown
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Henton*

K. Hen. What was that Henton?

* Nicholas Hopkins, who was of the convent of Henton, near Bristol.

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His cónfessor: who fed him every minute
With words of sovereignty.
K. Hen. How know'st thou this?
Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The Duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I replied,
Men feared the French would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger. Presently the Duke
Said, 't was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk, "that oft," says he,
"Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after, under the confession's seal,
He solemnly had sworn that what he spoke
My chaplain to no creature but to me
Should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensued,—'Neither the King nor 's heirs,
Tell you the Duke, shall prosper: bid him strive
To gain the love of the commonalty: the Duke

Shall govern England.'

Q. Kath. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: take good heed
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul. I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

K. Hen. Let him on.—
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my lord the Duke, by the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceived; and that 't was dangerous for him
To ruminate on this so far until
It forged him some design, which, being believed,
It was much like to do. He answered, 'Tush!
It can do me no damage;' adding further,
That had the King in his last sickness failed,
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads
Should have gone off.

K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah ha!
There's mischief in this man.—Canst thou say further?

Surv. I can, my liege.

K. Hen. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,

After your highness had reproved the Duke
About Sir William Blomer,—

K. Hen. I remember
Of such a time: being my sworn servant,
The Duke retained him his.—But on: what hence?

Surv. 'If,' quoth he, 'I for this had been committed,
As, to the Tower, I thought,—I would have played
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

K. Hen. A giant traitor!

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison?

Q. Kath. God mend all!

K. Hen. There 's something more would out of thee: what say'st?

Surv. After 'the Duke his father,' with 'the knife,'
He stretched him, and, with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,

He did discharge a horrible oath; whose tenor
Was,—were he evil used, he would outgo
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irresolute purpose.

K. Hen. There 's his period,
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attached;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 't is his; if none,
Let him not seek 't of us. By day and night,
He 's traitor to the height. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.

Cham. Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones,
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly

Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reigned among 'em.
Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.

How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?
Lov. 'Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That 's clapped upon the court-gate.
Cham. What is 't for?
Lov. The reformation of our travelled gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 't is there: now, I would pray our monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.
Lov. They must either—
For so run the conditions—leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,

With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old playfellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'T is time to give 'em physic, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they 're going,
For, sure, there 's no converting of 'em: now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and, by 'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, Lord Sands :
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a-going ?
Lov. To the Cardinal's.
Your lordship is a guest too.
Cham. O, 't is true :
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I 'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall everywhere.
Cham. No doubt, he 's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord,—has wherewithal ; in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal ;
They are set here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good Sir Thomas,

We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I am your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Presence-chamber in York Place.

Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter ANNE BULLEN, *and divers other Ladies and Gentlemen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir* HENRY GUILDFORD.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As far 's good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, *and Sir* THOMAS LOVELL.

O, my lord, you are tardy;
The very thought of this fair company
Clapped wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guildford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Lov. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:—
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep them waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies:

[*Seats himself between* ANNE BULLEN *and another Lady.*

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, sir?

Sands. O! very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none: just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath.

[*Kisses her.*

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated.—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, *attended, and takes his state.*

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady
Or gentleman that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,

I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry:—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then, we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here 's to your ladyship; and pledge it, madam,
For 't is to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot show me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpet. Chambers discharged.*

Wol. What 's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war you are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now? what is 't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem; they 've left their barge, and landed,

And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them.—Some attend him.—

[*Exit Chamberlain. All rise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet, but we 'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; once more,
I shower a welcome on ye:—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the KING, *and others, as Masquers, habited like shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company: what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they prayed
To tell your grace:—that, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and, under your fair conduct,

Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay 'em
A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen. The* KING *takes* ANNE BULLEN.

K. Hen. The fairest hand I ever touched: O Beauty,
Till now I never knew thee! [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord!

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray, tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess,
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then,—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen; here I'll make
My royal choice.

K. Hen. [*Unmasking.*] Ye have found him, Cardinal.

You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad,
Your grace is grown so pleasant.

K. Hen. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither. What fair lady's that?

Cham. An 't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The Viscount Rochford; one of her highness' women.

K. Hen. By Heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you.—A health, gentlemen!
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready
I' the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

K. Hen. I fear, too much.

Wol. There 's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

K. Hen. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you.—Let 's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinal: I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead 'em once again; and then let 's dream
Who 's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with trumpets.*

ACT II.

Scene I.—A Street.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* Whither away so fast?

2 *Gent.* O,—God save you.
E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

1 *Gent.* I'll save you
That labour, sir. All 's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 *Gent.* Were you there?

1 *Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.
2 *Gent.* Pray, speak what has happened.
1 *Gent.* You may guess quickly what.
2 *Gent.* Is he found guilty?
1 *Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemned upon 't.
2 *Gent.* I am sorry for 't.
1 *Gent.* So are a number more.
2 *Gent.* But, pray, how passed it?
1 *Gent.* I 'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleged
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urged on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desired
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.
2 *Gent.* That was he
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 *Gent.* The same.
All these accused him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from him, but, indeed he could
not:

And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

2 *Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gent.* When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
His knell rung out, his judgment,—he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest showed a most noble patience.

2 *Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

1 *Gent.* Sure, he does not;
He never was so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gent.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gent.* 'T is likely,
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainder,
Then Deputy of Ireland; who removed,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gent.* That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return

No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally,—whoever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and dote on; call him bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy,—

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir
And see the noble ruined man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *from his arraignment; tipstaves before him; the axe with the edge towards him; halberds on each side; accompanied with Sir* THOMAS LOVELL, *Sir* NICHOLAS VAUX, *Sir* WILLIAM SANDS, *and common people, &c.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet, Heaven bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,

Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
The law I bear no malice for my death;
'T has done upon the premises but justice:
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians:
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let them look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against them.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends and fellows,—whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only, dying,—
Go with me, like good angels, to my end,
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all.

There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace:
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the King's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever beloved, and loving, may his rule be!
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is coming; see the barge be ready,
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:

Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make them one day groan
for 't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first raised head against usurping Richard
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distressed, was by that wretch betrayed,
And without trial fell: God's peace be with him!
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father:
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure you be not loose; for those you make
friends

And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, never found again
But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me! I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell:
And when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done; and God forgive me! [*Exeunt Duke and Train.*

1 *Gent.* O, this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the Duke be guiltless,
'T is full of woe: yet I can give you inkling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be?—You do not doubt my faith, sir?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 't will require
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it:
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident;
You shall, sir: did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the King and Katharine?
1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,
Or some about him near, have, out of malice
To the good Queen, possessed him with a scruple
That will undo her: to confirm this too,
Cardinal Campeius is arrived and lately,
As all think, for this business.
1 *Gent.* 'T is the Cardinal;
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishoprick of Toledo, this is purposed.
2 *Gent.* I think you have hit the mark: but is 't not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The Cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'T is woful.

We are too open here to argue this;
Let 's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading this letter.

Cham. 'My lord,—The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me, with this reason,—his master would be served before a Subject, if not before the King; which stopped our mouths, sir.' I fear, he will, indeed; well, let him have them: He will have all, I think.

Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the King employed?

Cham. I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'T is so.
This is the Cardinal's doing, the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of Fortune,
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

Suf. 'Pray God, he do: he 'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!
And with what zeal! for now he has cracked the league
Between us and the Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,
He dives into the King's soul; and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs,—and all these for his marriage:
And out of all these to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of her
That like a jewel has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;

Of her that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King:—and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsel! 'T is most true
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashioned
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there 's my creed.
As I am made without him, so I 'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they 're breath I not believe in.

I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him
To him that made him proud, the Pope.
Nor. Let 's in ;
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him.—
My lord, you 'll bear us company ?
Cham. Excuse me ;
The King hath sent me otherwhere : besides,
You 'll find a most unfit time to disturb him :
Health to your lordships.
Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.
[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

NORFOLK *opens a folding door.* *The* KING *is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks : sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there ? Ha !
Nor. 'Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who 's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves
Into my private meditations ?
Who am I ? Ha !
Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way

Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

K. Hen. Ye are too bold.
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? Ha!—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Who's there!—My good lord Cardinal? O, my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King.—[*To* CAMPEIUS.] You're welcome,
Most learned Reverend Sir, into our kingdom;
Use us, and it:—[*To* WOLSEY.] My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.—
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

K. Hen. [*To* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.] We are busy. Go!

Nor. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] Not to speak of.
I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. [*Aside to* SUFFOLK.] If it do,
I'll venture one have-at-him.

Suf. [*Aside to* NORFOLK.] I another.

[*Exeunt* NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK.

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices; Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius,
Whom once more I present unto your highness.

K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wished for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand

I tender my commission, by whose virtue—
The court of Rome commanding—you, my Lord
Cardinal of York, are joined with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.

K. Hen. Two equal men. The Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come.—Where 's Gardiner?—

Wol. I know, your majesty has always loved her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars allowed freely to argue for her.

K. Hen. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else.—Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow. [*Exit* WOLSEY.

Re-enter WOLSEY *with* GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand; much joy and favour to you:
You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has raised me.

K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.

[*They converse apart.*—

Cam. My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envied him,
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still; which so grieved him,
That he ran mad, and died.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool;
For he would needs be virtuous: that good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment:
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.—

K. Hen. Deliver this with modesty to the Queen. [*Exit* GARDINER.—

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business:—
My Wolsey, see it furnished:—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,—
O! 't is a tender place! and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—An Ante-chamber in the QUEEN'S Apartments.

Enter ANNE BULLEN *and an Old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither: here's the pang that pinches:

His highness having lived so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her,—by my life,
She never knew harm-doing,—O, now, after
So many courses of the sun enthroned,
Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which
To leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter than
'T is sweet at first to acquire,—after this process,

To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though 't be temporal,
Yet, if that quarrel, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging
As soul and body's severing.
Old L. Alas, poor lady!
She 's a stranger now again.
Anne. So much the more
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our best having.
Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
I would not be a Queen.
Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this spice of your hypocrisy.
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,

Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
Which, to say sooth, are blessings, and which gifts—
Saving your mincing—the capacity
Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth,—

Old L. Yes, troth, and troth;—you would not be a Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heaven.

Old L. 'T is strange: a three-pence bowed would hire me,
Old as I am, to queen it. But, I pray you,
What think you of a Duchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made. Pluck off a little:
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to. If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 't is too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You 'd venture an emballing : I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'longed
No more to the Crown but that. Lo, who comes here ?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were it worth to know
The secret of your conference ?
Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women ; there is hope
All will be well.
Anne. Now, I pray God, Amen !
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note 's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,

Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;
More than my all, is nothing ; nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallowed ; nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities : yet prayers, and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The King hath of you.—[*Aside.*] I have perused her well :
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,
That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—[*To her.*] I'll to the King,
And say, I spoke with you.

Anne. My honoured lord.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

Old L. Why, this it is ; see, see !
I have been begging sixteen years in court,

Am yet a courtier beggarly, nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!
A very fresh-fish here, fie, fie, upon
This compelled fortune! have your mouth filled up,
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no.
There was a lady once, 'tis an old story,
That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year,—for pure respect!
No other obligation! By my life,
That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his foreskirt. By this time,
I know, your back will bear a Duchess:—say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,

If this salute my blood a jot: it faints me,
To think what follows.
The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence. Pray, do not deliver
What here you 've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—A Hall in Blackfriars.

Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of Canterbury *alone; after him, the Bishops of* Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, *and* Saint Asaph: *next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat: then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross; then a Gentleman-Usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-Arms bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentlemen bearing two great Silver Pillars: after them, side by side, the two Cardinals. Two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The* King *takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him as Judges. The* Queen *takes place at some*

distance from the KING. *The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.*

Wol. Whilst our Commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

K. Hen. What 's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allowed;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be 't so.—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Henry King of England, &c.

K. Hen. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, &c

[*The* QUEEN *makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the* KING, *and kneels at his feet; then speaks.*

Q. Kath. Sir, I desire you do me right and justice,

And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? Which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
That had to him derived your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice
He was from thence discharged. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you. If, in the course

And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
And unmatched wit and judgment : Ferdinand,
My father, King of Spain, was reckoned one
The wisest prince that there had reigned by many
A year before : it is not to be questioned
That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deemed our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advised, whose counsel
I will implore. If not, i' the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfilled.

Wol. You have here, lady,—
And of your choice—these reverend fathers ; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,

That longer you desire the Court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the King.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well, and justly: therefore, madam,
It 's fit this Royal Session do proceed,
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produced and heard.

Q. Kath. Lord Cardinal,
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Q. Kath. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a Queen, or long have dreamed so, certain
The daughter of a King, my drops of tears
I 'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Q. Kath. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induced by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge
You shall not be my judge. For it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's dew quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul

Refuse, you for my judge, whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol. I do profess
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and displayed the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a Commission from the Consistory,
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it.
The King is present: if it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech

You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Q. Kath. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-mouthed;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is crammed with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted
Where powers are your retainers; and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour than
Your high profession spiritual: that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the* KING, *and offers to depart.*

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by it: 't is not well.
She 's going away.

K. Hen. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine Queen of England, come into the Court.

Griffith. Madam, you are called back.

Q. Kath. What need you note it? pray you, keep your way:
When you are called, return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience! Pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[*Exeunt* QUEEN, GRIFFITH, *and her other Attendants.*

K. Hen. Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted
For speaking false in that. Thou art, alone,
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out,
The Queen of earthly Queens. She 's noble born;
And like her true nobility she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, for where I am robbed and bound,
There must I be unloosed, although not there
At once and fully satisfied, whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

K. Hen. My Lord Cardinal,
I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from 't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so, but, like to village curs,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The Queen is put in anger. You are excused:
But will you be more justified? you ever
Have wished the sleeping of this business; never
Desired it to be stirred; but oft have hindered, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak, my good Lord Cardinal, to this point

And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to 't:
I will be bold with time, and your attention:—
Then, mark the inducement. Thus it came;—give heed to 't.
My conscience first received a tenderness,
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches uttered
By the Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been hither sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. I' the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he—
I mean, the bishop—did require a respite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord advertise
Whether our daughter were legitimate,
Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
Sometimes our brother's wife. This respite shook
The bosom of my conscience, entered me,
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my breast; which forced such way.
That many mazed considerings did throng,
And pressed in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of Heaven, who had

Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
If it conceived a male child by me, should
Do no more offices of life to 't than
The grave does to the dead, for her male issue
Or died where they were made, or shortly after
This world had aired them. Hence I took a thought,
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
Be gladded in 't by me. Then follows, that
I weighed the danger which my realms stood in
By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
Toward this remedy whereupon we are
Now present here together; that 's to say,
I meant to rectify my conscience,—which
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well,—
By all the reverend fathers of the land,
And doctors learned. First, I began in private
With you, my Lord of Lincoln; you remember
How under my oppression I did reek,
When I first moved you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleased yourself to say

How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt,
And did entreat your highness to this course,
Which you are running here.

K. Hen. I then moved you,
My Lord of Canterbury, and got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this Court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike i' the world against the person
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
Of my alleged reasons drive this forward.
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
And kingly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our Queen, before the primest creature
That 's paragoned o' the world.

Cam So please your highness,
The Queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this Court till further day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion

Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his Holiness.

K. Hen. [*Aside.*] I may perceive,
These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learned and well-beloved servant, Cranmer,
Pr'ythee, return: with thy approach, I know,
My comfort comes along.—Break up the Court:
I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they entered.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. The Palace at Bridewell. A Room in the QUEEN'S Apartment.

The QUEEN, *and her Women, at Work.*

Q. Kath. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst. Leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing:

To his music plants, and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun and showers
There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An 't please your grace, the two great Cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They willed me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [*Exit Gentleman.*] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming, now I think on 't.
They should be good men; their affairs as righteous:
But all hoods make not monks.

Enter WOLSEY *and* CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife:
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.
There 's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not,—so much I am happy
Above a number,—if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even. If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,—

Q. Kath. O, good my lord, no Latin:
I am not such a truant since my coming,

As not to know the language I have lived in :
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious ;
Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake :
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed —
And service to his Majesty and you—
So deep suspicion where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;
You have too much, good lady ; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the King and you, and to deliver
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honoured madam,
My Lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both of his truth and him, which was too far,—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. [*Aside.*] To betray me.—
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men,—pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,—
More near my life, I fear,—with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England
But little for my profit. Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,—

Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,—
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth; my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here:
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He 's loving, and most gracious. 'T will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,
You 'll part away disgraced.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Q. Kath. The more shame for ye! holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues,
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.

Mend them, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laughed at, scorned?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warned ye:
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would you have me—
If you have any justice, any pity,
If ye be anything but churchmen's habits—
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas, he has banished me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this.

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Q. Kath. Have I lived thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one?
A woman—I dare say, without vain-glory—
Never yet branded with suspicion?
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the King? loved him next Heaven? obeyed him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers, to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 't is not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dreamed a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. 'Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!

Ye have angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
[*To her Women.*] Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
Shipwrecked upon a kingdom where no pity,
No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field and flourished,
I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you? alas, our places,
The way of our profession is against it:
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the King's acquaintance by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits
They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
I know you have a gentle, noble temper,

A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray forgive me,
If I have used myself unmannerly.
You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his Majesty:
He has my heart yet, and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me; she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the KING'S Apartment.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, *the Duke of* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal
Cannot stand under them: if you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be revenged on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
Have uncontemned gone by him, or at least
Strangely neglected? when did he regard
The stamp of nobleness in any person,
Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures.
What he deserves of you and me, I know;
What we can do to him,—though now the time
Gives way to us,—I much fear. If you cannot

Bar his access to the King, never attempt
Anything on him, for he hath a witchcraft
Over the King in 's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not;
His spell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter against him that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he 's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,
I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded; wherein he appears
As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how? how?

Suf. The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the King; wherein was read,
How that the Cardinal did entreat His Holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if
It did take place, 'I do,' quoth he, 'perceive,

My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Bullen.'

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic
After his patient's death: the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord;
For, I profess, you have 't.

Sur. Now all my joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to 't!

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There 's order given for her coronation:
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature: I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memorized.

Sur. But, will the King

Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The Lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no:
There be moe wasps that buzz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled, and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cried, 'Ha!' at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, 'Ha!' louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is returned, in his opinions, which
Have satisfied the King for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom. Shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be published, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be called Queen, but Princess Dowager,
And widow to Prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain

In the King's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'T is so.
The Cardinal—

Enter WOLSEY *and* CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe; he 's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gave 't you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in 's bedchamber.

Wol. Looked he o' th' inside of the papers?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he viewed,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me awhile.—

[*Exit* CROMWELL.

It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon,
The French King's sister: he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen? No; I'll no Anne Bullens for him:

There 's more in 't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we 'll no Bullens.—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The Marchioness of Pembroke !—

Nor. He 's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !—

Wol. The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear : 't is I must snuff it ;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawled into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He 's vexed at something.

Suf. I would, 't were something that would fret the string,
The master-cord on 's heart !

Enter the KING, *reading a schedule ; and* LOVELL.

Suf. The King, the King !

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expense by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together ?—Now, my lords,
Saw you the Cardinal ?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts;
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight,
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,
Strikes his breast hard ; and anon, he casts
His eye against the moon : in most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. It may well be :
There is a mutiny in 's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I required ; and wot you what I found

There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it outspeaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It 's Heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fixed on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings: but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, and whispers* Lovell, *who goes to* Wolsey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
Ever God bless your highness!

K. Hen. Good my lord,
You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span

To keep your earthly audit. Sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
For holy offices I have a time; a time
To think upon the part of business, which
I bear i' the state; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

K. Hen. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well-saying!

K. Hen. 'T is well said again;
And 't is a kind of good deed, to say well:
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you;
He said he did, and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I have kept you next my heart; have not alone
Employed you where high profits might come home,
But pared my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. [*Aside.*] What should this mean?

Sur. [*Aside, to the others.*] The Lord increase this business!

K. Hen. Have I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce you have found true:
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no. What say you?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces,
Showered on me daily, have been more than could
My studied purposes requite; which went
Beyond all man's endeavours: my endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet filed with my abilities. Mine own ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To the good of your most sacred person and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heaped upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
My prayers to Heaven for you, my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answered;
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it

Does pay the act of it, as, i' the contrary,
The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
Appear in forms more horrid,—yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't.—Read o'er this:

[*Giving him papers.*

And, after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

[*Exit* KING, *frowning upon the Cardinal. The Nobles throng after him, smiling, and whispering.*

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger 's this? how have I reaped it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leaped from his eyes: so looks the chafèd lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has galled him;
Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'T is so:
This paper has undone me!—'T is the account
Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,
Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
Made me put this main secret in the packet
I sent the King?—Is there no way to cure this?
No new device to beat this from his brains?
I know 't will stir him strongly;—yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again.—What 's this?—To the Pope!
The letter, as I live, with all the business
I writ to his Holiness.—Nay then, farewell!

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK *and* SUFFOLK, *the Earl of* SURREY, *and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal; who commands you
To render up the Great Seal presently
Into our hands, and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay:
Where 's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

Wol. Till I find more than will or words to do it,—
I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye! and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in everything may bring my ruin!
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You 've Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King—
Mine, and your master—with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and, to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters-patents:—now, who 'll take it?

Sur. The King that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself, then.

Sur. Thou 'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest:
Within these forty hours, Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet Sin, robbed this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals—
With thee, and all thy best parts bound together—
Weighed not a hair of his. Plague of your policy!
You sent me Deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the King, from all

That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him,
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolved him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
Found his deserts. How innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I loved many words, lords, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the King, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap like larks.

Wol. All goodness

Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the Pope, against the King; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My Lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As you respect the common good, the state
Of our despised nobility, our issues—
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen—
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
Collected from his life:—I 'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, Lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
But that I am bound in charity against it.

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand;
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer
And spotless shall mine innocence arise,
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,
You 'll show a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I had rather want those, than my head.—
Have at you.
First, that without the King's assent or knowledge
You wrought to be a Legate; by which power
You maimed the jurisdiction of all Bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
Was still inscribed; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
To Gregory de Cassado, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caused
Your holy hat to be stamped on the King's coin.
Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance,—
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience,—
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 't is virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.
Sur. I forgive him.
Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,—
Because all those things you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be

Out of the King's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we 'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the Great Seal to us,
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O, how wretched

Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter CROMWELL, *and stands amazed.*

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What! amazed
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well.
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
O, 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,

Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That 's somewhat sudden;
But he 's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!—
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That 's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down O Cromwell,
The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,

With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let 's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee.
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
And—pr'ythee lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 't is the King's: my robe,
And my integrity to Heaven, is all
I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my King, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of Court! my hopes in Heaven do dwell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 *Gent.* You 're well met once again.

2 *Gent.* So are you.

1 *Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold

The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gent.* 'T is all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gent.* 'T is very true: but that time offered sorrow;
This, general joy.

2 *Gent.* 'T is well: the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds—
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward—
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.

1 *Gent.* Never greater;
Nor, I 'll assure you, better taken, sir.

2 *Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gent.* Yes; 't is the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be High-Steward; next, the Duke of Norfolk,
He to be Earl Marshal. You may read the rest.

2 *Gent.* I thank you, sir: had I not known those customs,
I should have been beholding to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what 's become of Katharine,

The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the Princess lay; to which
She was often cited by them, but appeared not:
And, to be short, for not-appearance, and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorced,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now, sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady!—[*Trumpets.*
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming. [*Hautboys.*

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A lively flourish of trumpets.

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then,*

Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.

5. *Marquess* DORSET, *bearing a Sceptre of Gold; on his head a demi-coronal of Gold. With him the Earl of* SURREY, *bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, crowned with an Earl's Coronet. Collars of SS.*

6. *Duke of* SUFFOLK, *in his robe of estate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High-Steward. With him, the Duke of* NORFOLK, *with the rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*

7. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it, the* QUEEN *in her robe, in her hair, richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of* LONDON *and* WINCHESTER.

8. *The old Duchess of* NORFOLK, *in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the* QUEEN'S *train.*

9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without flowers.*

2 *Gent.* A royal train, believe me.—These I know;—

Who 's that, that bears the Sceptre ?

1 *Gent.* Marquess Dorset :

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the Rod.

2 *Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That should be

The Duke of Suffolk.

1 *Gent.* 'T is the same : High-Steward.

2 *Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk ?

1 *Gent.* Yes.

2 *Gent.* [*Looking on the* QUEEN.] Heaven bless thee !

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he strains that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.* They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed :

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gent.* No more of that.

[*Exit Procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, sir! Where have you been broiling?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' the Abbey; where a finger
Could not be wedged in more: I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords, and ladies, having brought the Queen
To a prepared place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose

As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks,
Doublets, I think, flew up; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, 'This is my wife,' there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what followed?

3 *Gent.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneeled and saint-like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a Queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state paced back again

To York Place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gent.* Sir,
You must no more call it York Place, that 's past;
For, since the Cardinal fell, that title 's lost:
'T is now the King's, and called White Hall.

3 *Gent.* I know it;
But 't is so lately altered, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.* What two reverend Bishops
Were those that went on each side of the Queen?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one, of Winchester,
Newly preferred from the King's Secretary;
The other, London.

2 *Gent.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the Archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there 's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gent.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the King, and truly
A worthy friend.—The King

Has made him master of the jewel-house,
And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the Court, there ye shall be my guests:
Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katharine, *Dowager, sick; led between* Griffith *and* Patience.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou ledd'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffered, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :
If well, he stepped before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam :
For after the stout Earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man !

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester ;
Lodged in the Abbey, where the reverend Abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him :
To whom he gave these words,—' O father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
Give him a little earth for charity ! '
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still ; and three nights after this,—
About the hour of eight, which he himself
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie gently on him!

Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity.—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tied all the kingdom: simony was fair-play;
His own opinion was his law: i' the presence
He would say untruths, and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading;

Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer:
And though he were unsatisfied in getting,—
Which was a sin,—yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely. Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he raised in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heaped happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

[*Sad and solemn Music.*

Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let 's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her :—softly, gentle Patience.

The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads Garlands of Bays, and golden visards on their faces ; Branches of Bays, or Palm, in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare Garland over her head ; at which the other four make reverent curtsies : then, the two that held the Garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the Garland over her head. Which done, they deliver the same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order : at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to Heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the Garland with them. The Music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye ? are ye all gone,

And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promised me eternal happiness,
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*

Pat. Do you note,
How much her grace is altered on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes!

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. An't like your grace,—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow:
Deserve we no more reverence?
Grif. You are to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour: go to, kneel.
Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon;
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King to see you.
Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow
Let me ne'er see again.

[*Exeunt* GRIFFITH *and Messenger.*

Re-enter GRIFFITH, *with* CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.
Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.
Kath. O my lord,
The times, and titles, now are altered strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?
Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your grace; the next,

The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too late;
'T is like a pardon after execution.
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me;
But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do; and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banished the kingdom!—Patience, is that letter,
I caused you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, madam.

[*Giving it to* KATHARINE.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter,—
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding,—

She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope she will deserve well,—and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have followed both my fortunes faithfully :
Of which there is not one, I dare avow—
And now I should not lie—but will deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.
The last is, for my men ; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw them from me ;—
That they may have their wages duly paid them,
And something over to remember me by :
If Heaven had pleased to have given me longer life,
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents :—and, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By Heaven, I will,
Or let me lose the fashion of a man!

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say to him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world; tell him, in death I blessed him,
For so I will.—Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet: I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be used with honour: strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueened, yet like
A Queen, and daughter to a King, inter me.
I can no more.— [*Exeunt, leading* KATHARINE.

ACT V.

Scene I.—London. A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, *Bishop of* Winchester, *a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir* Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It 's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?
Boy. It hath struck.
Gar. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times.—Good hour of night, Sir Thomas:
Whither so late?
Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?
Gar. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the Duke of Suffolk.
Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I 'll take my leave.
Gar. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What 's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if there be
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend

Some touch of your late business. Affairs that walk—
As they say spirits do—at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature than the business
That seeks despatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you,
And durst commend a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The Queen 's in labour,
They say, in great extremity ; and feared,
She 'll with the labour end.

Gar. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubbed up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She 's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gar. But, sir, sir,—
Hear me, Sir Thomas: you are a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'T will not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take 't of me,
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, sir, you speak of two
The most remarked i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he 's made Master
O' the Rolls, and the King's Secretary ; further, sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him. The Archbishop
Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gar. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured
To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day,—
Sir, I may tell it you, I think,—I have
Incensed the lords o' the council, that he is—
For so I know he is, they know he is—
A most arch heretic, a pestilence
That does infect the land : with which they moved
Have broken with the King; who hath so far
Given ear to our complaint, of his great grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him ; hath commanded,
To-morrow morning to the council-board

He be convented. He 's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good nights, my lord. I rest your servant. [*Exeunt* GARDINER *and Page.*

As LOVELL *is going out, enter the* KING *and the Duke of* SUFFOLK.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night :
My mind 's not on 't ; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

K. Hen. But little, Charles ;
Nor shall not when my fancy 's on my play.
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who returned her thanks
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou ? Ha !
To pray for her ? What ! is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'T is midnight, Charles:
Pr'ythee, to bed; and in thy prayers remember
The estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

K. Hen. Charles, good night.—
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,
As you commanded me.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'T is true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. Bring him to us. [*Exit* DENNY.

Lov. [*Aside.*] This is about that which the Bishop spake:
I am happily come hither.

Re-enter DENNY *with* CRANMER.

K. Hen. Avoid the gallery.
[LOVELL *seems to stay.*
Ha !—I have said.—Be gone.
What !— [*Exeunt* LOVELL *and* DENNY.

Cran. I am fearful:—wherefore frowns he thus?
'T is his aspéct of terror: all 's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

K. Hen. 'Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being considered,
Have moved us and our Council, that you shall
This morning come before us; where, I know,

You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till further trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: you a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnowed, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.

K. Hen. Stand up, good Canterbury:
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up:
Pr'ythee, let 's walk. Now, by my halidom,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I looked
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty:

If they shall fail, I with mine enemies
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies
Are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you? such things have been done.
You are potently opposed, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjured witness, than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your Majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K Hen. Be of good cheer;

They shall no more prevail than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit* CRANMER.
—He has strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an Old Lady.

Gent. [*Within.*] Come back: what mean you?
Old L. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person

Under their blessed wings!

K. Hen. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the queen delivered?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Old L. Ay, ay, my liege;
And of a lovely boy: the God of heaven
Both now and ever bless her!—'t is a girl,—
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen
Desires your visitation, and to be
Acquainted with this stranger: 't is as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

K. Hen. Lovell!

Re-enter LOVELL.

Lov. Sir.

K. Hen. Give her an hundred marks. I 'll to the Queen. [*Exit.*

Old L. An hundred marks! By this light, I 'll ha' more.
An ordinary groom is for such payment.
I will have more, or scold it out of him.
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?
I will have more, or else unsay 't; and now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Lobby before the Council-chamber.

Enter CRANMER; *Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.*

Cran. I hope, I am not too late; and yet the gentleman
That was sent to me from the Council prayed me
To make great haste. All fast? what means this? Ho!
Who waits there?—Sure, you know me?
D. Keep. Yes, my lord;
But yet I cannot help you.
Cran. Why?
D. Keep. Your grace must wait till you be called for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So.
Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
I came this way so happily: the King
Shall understand it presently. [*Exit.*
Cran. [*Aside.*] 'T is Butts,
The King's physician. As he passed along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me.

'Pray Heaven, he sound not my disgrace! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,—
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice,—
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,
Among boys, grooms, and lackeys. But their pleasures
Must be fulfilled, and I attend with patience.

Enter the KING *and* BUTTS, *at a window above.*

Butts. I'll show your grace the strangest sight—
K. Hen. What 's that, Butts?
Butts. I think your highness saw this many a day.
K. Hen. Body o' me, where is it?
Butts. There, my lord
The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and footboys.
K. Hen. Ha! 'T is he, indeed.
Is this the honour they do one another?
'T is well, there 's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among them—
At least good manners—as not thus to suffer
A man of his place, and so near our favour,
To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,
And at the door too, like a post with packets.
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery:
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon. [*Exeunt.*

The Council-chamber.

Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of SUFFOLK, *Duke of* NORFOLK, *Earl of* SURREY, *Lord Chamberlain,* GARDINER, *and* CROMWELL. *The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of* CANTERBURY. *The rest seat themselves in order on each side,* CROMWELL *at the lower end, as Secretary.*

Chan. Speak to the business, master Secretary:
Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,
The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gar. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gar. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord Archbishop;
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the council-table.*

Chan. My good lord Archbishop, I am very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but we all are men,
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of our flesh, few are angels: out of which frailty
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,—
For so we are informed,—with new opinions,
Divers and dangerous; which are heresies,
And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gar. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses
Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle,

But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer,
Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour, this contagious sickness,
Farewell all physic: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
Of the whole state; as, of late days, our neighbours,
The upper Germany, can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
Both of my life and office, I have laboured,
And with no little study, that my teaching,
And the strong course of my authority
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living—
I speak it with a single heart, my lords—
A man, that more detests, more stirs against,
Both in his private conscience and his place,
Defacers of the public peace, than I do.
'Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships

That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be: you are a counsellor,
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gar. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you;
You are always my good friend: if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end:
'T is my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience

In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary;
That 's the plain truth: your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 't is a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest;
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do.
Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much;
Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord:—it stands agreed,
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner,
There to remain till the King's further pleasure
Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other
Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome.
Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter Guard.

Cran. For me?
Must I go like a traitor thither?

Gar. Receive him,
And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords;
I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords:
By virtue of that ring I take my cause
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Chan. This is the King's ring.

Sur. 'T is no counterfeit.

Suf. 'T is the right ring, by Heaven! I told ye all,
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,
'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
The King will suffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vexed?

Chan. 'T is now too certain:
How much more is his life in value with him!
'Would I were fairly out on 't!

Crom. My mind gave me,
In seeking tales and informations
Against this man, whose honesty the devil
And his disciples only envy at,
Ye blew the fire that burns ye. Now, have at ye!

Enter the KING, *frowning on them; he takes his seat.*

Gar. Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to Heaven
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince;
Not only good and wise, but most religious:
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour; and, to strengthen

That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

K. Hen. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence;
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me,
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
[*To* CRANMER.] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest,
He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee:
By all that 's holy, he had better starve
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May it please your grace,—

K. Hen. No, sir, it does not please me.
I had thought, I had had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my Council; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man,—few of you deserve that title,—
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy
At chamber-door? and one as great as you are?

Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye
Power, as he was a Councillor to try him,
Not as a groom. There 's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean;
Which ye shall never have while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather—
If there be faith in men—meant for his trial
And fair purgation to the world, than malice,
I 'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
Take him, and use him well; he 's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him,—if a prince
May be beholding to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him:
Be friends, for shame, my lords!—My Lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be god-father, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour: how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you 'd spare your spoons. You shall have
Two noble partners with you; the old Duchess of Norfolk,
And Lady Marquess Dorset: will these please you?
Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace, and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart,
And brother-love, I do it.

Cran. And let Heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart.
The common voice, I see, is verified
Of thee, which says thus, 'Do my Lord of Canterbury
A shrewd turn, and he is your friend for ever.'—
Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
To have this young one made a Christian.
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—The Palace Yard.

Noise and tumult within. Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You 'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals. Do you take the Court for Paris-garden? Ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[*Within.*] Good master Porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you rogue!—Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches to them.—I 'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 't is as much impossible,
Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 't is to make 'em sleep
On May-day morning; which will never be.
We may as well push against Paul's as stir them.

Port. How got they in, and be hanged?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in?
As much as one sound cudgel of four foot—

You see the poor remainder—could distribute,
I made no spare, sir.

Port. You did nothing, sir.

Man. I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,
To mow them down before me; but if I spared any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;
And that I would not for a cow, God save her.

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.—Keep the door close, sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! On my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier by his face, for o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in 's nose: all that stand

about him are under the line, they need no other penance. That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me: he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed upon me till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I missed the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cried out: Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff to me: I defied 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work: the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days, besides the running banquet of two beadles that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here!
They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair here! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows:
There is a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An 't please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for 't, I 'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. Ye are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie, baiting of bombards, when
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They 're come already from the christening.

Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I 'll find
A Marshalsea, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow,
Stand close up, or I 'll make your head ache.

Port. You i' the camlet, get up o' the rail ;
I 'll pick you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—The Palace.

Enter Trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, *Duke of* Norfolk, *with his marshal's staff, Duke of* Suffolk, *two Noblemen bearing great standing-bowls for the christening-gifts ; then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of* Norfolk, *god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady : then follows the Marchioness of* Dorset, *the other god-mother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.*

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth !

Flourish. Enter KING *and Train.*

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace and the good Queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord Archbishop;
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord.—
[*The* KING *kisses the Child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir,
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they 'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant,—Heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises

Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: Truth shall nurse
her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved, and feared: her own shall bless
her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows
with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir

As great in admiration as herself:
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fixed. Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of Heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

K. Hen. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die—
She must, the saints must have her;—yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O lord Archbishop,

Thou hast made me now a man : never, before
This happy child, did I get anything.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.
I thank ye all. To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords :
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
'Has business at his house, for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

'T is ten to one, this play can never please
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We have frighted with our trumpets ; so, 't is clear,
They 'll say, 't is naught : others, to hear the city
Abused extremely, and to cry,—'That 's witty !'

Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,
All the expected good we 're like to hear
For this play, at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we showed 'em. If they smile,
And say, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

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PERICLES.

WITH

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF TYRE.

INTRODUCTION.

The Booke of Pericles Prynce of Tyre was entered in the Stationers' Registers for the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, who entered also on the same day *Antony and Cleopatra*. But the quarto did not appear until 1609, and it was then published by Henry Gosson as "The Late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre, with the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, the no less strange and worthie accidents in the Birth and Life of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by his Maiestie's Seruants, at the Globe on the Banck-side. By William Shakespeare." Of this quarto there was a reprint in the same year.

That *Pericles* was being acted with success at the Globe in 1607, or in the beginning of 1608,

is shown not only by Blount's entry of it in May, 1608, but also by the publication in the same year, 1608, of a book by George Wilkins, called "The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, Iohn Gower." In the argument before this book the reader is asked to receive its History "in the same maner as it was vnder the habite of ancient Gower the famous English Poet, by the Kings Maiesties Players excellently presented." This publication has a distinct value in such transcription of the acted play into prose as makes it possible sometimes to note omitted passages, and guess at restorations of the text. There were later editions of *Pericles* in 1611, 1619, 1630, and 1635; but Shakespeare's fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, did not include the play in the first folio of his work (1623), nor was it in the second folio (1632). It first appeared among his works in the third folio (1664), and was too well known to have been omitted accidentally.

The text of the first editions was printed so

carelessly that metre and sense in many passages are lost beyond recovery. For this the original author or authors must not, of course, be made responsible. In this edition I have ventured to mend not a few rents in the metre. The play, no doubt, is the work of another man retouched by Shakespeare. The story was an old popular tale—a "mouldy tale," Ben Jonson called it, for its age—which had its origin in a Greek metrical romance, translated in the eleventh century into Latin prose as *Apollonii Tyrii Historia*. Godfrey of Viterbo, who lived in the twelfth century, and was Chaplain and Secretary to Conrad III. and to the Emperor Barbarossa, dedicated to Pope Urban III. a chronicle in prose and verse, which he called his "Pantheon," from the Creation to the year 1186. It abounded in stories, that were used afterwards by novelists and poets, and among them was the tale of Pericles—Apollonius of Tyre—which reappeared also in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and in other collections. Chaucer's friend and fellow poet, John Gower, himself tells us that he took the story from the "Pantheon," when he

included it among the illustrations of the seven deadly sins in his *Confessio Amantis.*

From Gower's *Confessio Amantis,* the story of the play ascribed to Shakespeare has been directly taken. The play was conspicuous for disregard of unities of place and time; connecting narrative was, therefore, required to join the acts together, and for this purpose Gower was made to serve as Chorus. The tale as Gower himself actually told it is here added to the play.

The story in French as *la Cronicque et Hystoire d'Appolin roy de Thir* was printed at Geneva in 1482; our English version of it was printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576, William Howe entered at Stationers' Hall "the historie of the strange adventures of Prince Apollonius, Lucina his wife, and Tharsa his daughter," set forth in print with this title, "The Pattern of Paynful Adventures." This was published in the same year, as "gathered into English by Laurence Twine, gentleman." It was based on the Latin of the *Gesta Romanorum:* and there was another edition of it in 1607; perhaps in consequence of

the appearance of the play. The first writer of the play of *Pericles* did not take the tale from "The Pattern of Painful Adventures," but from Gower, though it has been suggested that there are some indications of his having also read the tale as gathered into English by Laurence Twine.

The theme of the old tale is the old theme of life tossed upon the waves of Fortune, who sometimes restores all with a full hand to those who can abide the pelting of her pitiless storm. Here the wind changes at last and prosperity storms in on Pericles before he is left to end his life in the warm sunshine. The tale of Apollonius of Tyre would never have been current as it was through Europe if its parable had not been taken up by many a heart much exercised in troubles of the world.

Thirty five years ago—in 1854—I saw *Pericles*, which had not been acted since Queen Anne's reign, put upon the stage of Sadler's Wells by Edmund Phelps. From my "Journal of a London Playgoer" I may quote a few sentences of what I then said of it as an acted play:—"The two scenes

at Mitylene, which present Marina pure as an ermine which no filth can touch, were compressed into one; and although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of Blount and his mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt, that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure.

"The conception of the character of Pericles by Mr. Phelps seemed to accord exactly with the view just taken of the play. He was the Prince pursued by evil fate. A melancholy that could not be shaken off oppressed him even in the midst of the gay court of King Simonides, and the hand of Thaisa was received with only the rapture of a love that dared not feel assured of its good fortune. Mr. Phelps represented the Prince sinking gradually under the successive blows of fate with an unostentatious truthfulness; but in that one scene which calls forth all the strength

of the artist, the recognition of Marina, and the sudden lifting of the Prince's bruised and fallen spirit to an ecstasy of joy, there was an opportunity for one of the most effective displays of the power of an actor that the stage, as it is now, affords. With immense energy, yet with a true feeling for the pathos of the situation, that had the most genuine effect, Mr. Phelps achieved in this passage a triumph marked by plaudit after plaudit. They do not applaud rant at Sadler's Wells. The scene was presented truly by the actor and felt fully by his audience."

Of the scenery I then said that "the play, of which the text is instability of fortune, has its characteristic place of action on the sea. Pericles is perpetually shown (literally as well as metaphorically) tempest-tost, or in the immediate vicinity of the treacherous waters; and this idea is most happily enforced at Sadler's Wells by scene-painter and machinist. They reproduce the rolling of the billows and the whistling of the winds when Pericles lies senseless, a wretched man on a shore. When he is shown on board ship in

the storm during the birth of Marina, the ship tosses vigorously. When he sails at last to the temple of Diana of the Ephesians, rowers take their places on their banks, the vessel seems to glide along the coast, an admirably painted panorama slides before the eye, and the whole theatre seems to be in the course of actual transportation to the temple at Ephesus, which is the crowning scenic glory of the play. The dresses, too, are brilliant. As beseems an Eastern story, the events all pass among princes. Now the spectator has a scene presented to him occupied by characters who appear to have stepped out of a Greek vase; and presently he looks into an Assyrian palace and sees figures that have come to life and colour from the stones of Nineveh. There are noble banquets and glittering processions; and in the banquet-hall of King Simonides there is a dance which is a marvel of glitter, combinations of colour, and quaint picturesque effect. There are splendid trains of courtiers, there are shining rows of vestal virgins, and there is Diana herself in the sky."

H. M.

PERICLES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *Two Lords of*
ESCANES, } *Tyre.*
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *a Lord of Antioch.*
PHILEMON, *Servant to Cerimon.*
LEONINE, *Servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A Pander. BOULT, *his Servant.*
The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *Wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *Daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *Nurse to Marina.*
A Bawd.
DIANA.
GOWER, *as Chorus.*
Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen and Messengers.

SCENE—Dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come,
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves, and holy-ales;
And lords and ladies in their lives

Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase is to make men glorious;
Et bonum, quo antiquius eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria,—
I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a fere,
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,
As heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:—
Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none.
By custom what they did begin
Was, with long use, account no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
Which to prevent he made a law,—
To keep her still, and men in awe,—
That whoso asked her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and Attendants.*

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothéd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reigned,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit
To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparelled like the spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the ring
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be her mild companion.
You gods, that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touched;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,

Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues and semblance pale
That without covering save yon field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,
For going on death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembered should be like a mirror
Who tells us life 's but breath, to trust it, error.
I 'll make my will then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys as erst they did:
So, I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came,
[*To the Daughter of* Antiochus.] But my unspotted fire of love to you.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice,—read the conclusion then;
Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'sayed yet, may'st thou prove prosperous!
Of all 'sayed yet, I wish thee happiness.

Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness, and courage. [*Reads the riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father.
He 's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last: but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he 's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You 're a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, fingered to make man his lawful music,

Would draw heaven down and all the gods to
hearken;
But being played upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.
Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that 's an article within our law
As dangerous as the rest. Your time 's expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.
Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'T would braid yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He 's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;
For vice repeated 's like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in other's eyes to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear—
To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole
casts
Copped hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is
thronged
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die
for 't.
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law 's their
will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;
But I will gloze with him.—Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we 'll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you 're both a father and a son,

By your untimely claspings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father),
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, where men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
They 'll shun no course to keep them from the light:
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder 's as near to lust as flame to smoke;
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropped to keep you clear,
By flight I 'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning; for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathéd manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard!

You 're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here 's poison, and here 's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Ant. Enough.—

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot
From a well-experienced archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so ne'er return
Unless thou say, 'Prince Pericles is dead.'

Thal. My lord,
If I get him within my pistol's length,
I 'll make him sure enough: farewell to your highness.

Ant. Thaliard, adieu. [*Exit* THALIARD.]—Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To those without.*] Let none disturb us.—Why should this charge of thoughts,
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so used a guest, as not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night—
The tomb where grief should sleep—can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feared 's at Antioch,
Whose aim seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now and cares it be not done.

And so with me :—the great Antiochus—
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he 's so great, can make his will his act—
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence ;
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him :
And what may make him blush in being known,
He 'll stop the course by which it might be known.
With hostile forces he 'll o'erspread the land,
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the state,
Our men be vanquished ere they do resist,
And subjects punished that ne'er thought offence :
Which care of them, not pity of myself,—
Who am no more but as the tops of trees
Which fence the roots they grow by and defend them,—
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS *and other Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable !

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience a tongue.
They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flattered, but a spark,
To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.
When Signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading 's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]—
Helicanus, thou
Hast movéd us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I've ground the axe;

Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee, rise;
Sit down; I thank thee for 't, thou art no flatterer,
And Heaven forbid but kings should let their ears
Hear their faults chid!
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty
From whence an issue I might propagate
As arms to princes that bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seemed not to strike, but smooth; but thou know'st this,
'T is time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss;
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,

Under the covering of a careful night
Who seemed my good protector: and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years.
And should he doubt it—as no doubt he doth—
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—
To lop that doubt he 'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;
When all for mine, if I may call 't, offence,
Must feel war's blow who spares not innocence:
Which love to all,—of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'dst me for it,—

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my
cheeks,
Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. My lord, since you have given me leave
to speak,
Freely I 'll speak. Antiochus you fear,

And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Fates do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any ; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I 'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith ; but should he wrong
My liberties in my absence ?

Hel. We 'll mingle our bloods together in the earth
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to Tharsus
Intend my travel, where I 'll hear from thee,
And by whose letters I 'll dispose myself.
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I 'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both.
But in our orbs we 'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home: 't is dangerous. —Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for 't; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter Helicanus, Escanes, *and other Lords.*

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your king's departure:
His sealed commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently, he 's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the king gone?

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I 'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. [*Aside.*] What from Antioch?

Hel. Royal Antiochus—on what cause I know not—
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judged so;
And doubting lest that he had erred or sinned,
To show his sorrow he 'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hanged now, although I would;
But since he 's gone, the king it sure must please,
He scaped the land, to perish on the seas.—
Now I 'll present myself.—[*To them.*] Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come,
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord 's betook himself to unknown travels,
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and Attendants.*

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distresséd lord, even such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt and seen with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topped, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,
Who wanteth food and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that
If heaven slumber while their creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I 'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I 'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, o'er which I've the government,
A city, on whom plenty held full hand,
For Riches strewed herself even in the street;
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kissed the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld, but wondered at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorned,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorned, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this our change,
These mouths whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates, who, not yet two summers younger,
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:
Those mothers, who, to nousle up their babes,

Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they loved.
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife
Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life.
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

Cle. O, let those cities that of plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears:
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where 's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.
Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

Cle. I thought as much.
One sorrow never comes but brings an heir
That may succeed as his inheritor;

And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath stuffed these hollow vessels with their power,
To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory 's got to overcome.

Lord. That 's the least fear; for, by the semblance
Of their white flags displayed, they bring us peace,
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him 's untutored to repeat:
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
What need we fear?
The ground 's the lowest, and we 're half way there.
Go, tell their general we attend him here
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES, *with Attendants.*

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you are,

Let not our ships and number of our men
Be, like a beacon fired, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load:
And these our ships you happily may think
Are like the Trojan horse was stuffed within
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,
Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.

All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Rise, pray you rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,—
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,—
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!
Till when,—the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,—
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, iwis, to incest bring;
A better prince and benign lord
That will prove awful both in deed and word:
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he has passed Necessity:
I 'll show you, those in trouble's reign
Losing a mite a mountain gain.
The good in conversation —
To whom I give my benison —
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

Dumb-show.

Enter at one door, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their Trains with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their Trains.*

Gow. Good Helicane, that stayed at home
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours; though he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, doing so, put forth to seas,
Where when men ben there 's seldom ease:
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wracked and split;
And he, good prince, all having lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost.
All perishen, of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till Fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower;—this longs the text. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An Open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Washed me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he 'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!

2 *Fish.* Ho, come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 *Fish.* What say you, master?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I 'll fetch thee with a wanion.

3 *Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls! it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say, they 're half fish, half flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land—the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they 've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would

have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind—

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside*]. How from the finny subject of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

Per. Y' may see, the sea hath cast upon your coast—

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!—

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's

them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here 's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for 't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:
A man thronged up with cold; my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we 'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting days, and moreo'er puddings and flapjacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend,—you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? Then I 'll turn craver too, and so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net. [*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir,— do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for his wife's soul.

Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help! here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor's man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't; 't is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see 't.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all thy crosses
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself,
And though it was mine own; part of mine heritage
Which my dead father did bequeath to me
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
'Keep it my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death'—and pointed to this brace;—
'For that it saved me, keep it; in like need—
From which the gods protect thee!—it may defend thee.'
It kept where I kept, I so dearly loved it,
Till the rough seas that spare not any man
Took it in rage, though calmed have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now 's no ill,

Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 *Fish.* What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with 't I may appear a gentleman:
And if that ever my low fortunes better,
I 'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 *Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I 'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 *Fish.* Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on 't.

2 *Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you 'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am clothed in steel;
And spite of all the rapture of the sea,
This jewel holds his gilding on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.

2 *Fish.* We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I 'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but equal to my will!
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.—Pentapolis. A public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, *Lords, and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 *Lord.* They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*

Thai. It pleaseth you, my father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

Enter a Knight: he passes over the stage, and his Squire presents his shield to the PRINCESS.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renownéd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Ethiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.

[*The second Knight passes over.*

Who is the second that presents himself?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an armed knight, that's conquered by a lady;

The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.* [*The third Knight passes over.*

Sim. And what 's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry ;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*

[*The fourth Knight passes over.*

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch, that 's turnéd upside down ;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes over.*

Thai. The fifth, a hand environéd with clouds,
Holding out gold that 's by the touchstone tried ;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight* (*Pericles*) *passes over.*

Sim. And what 's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy delivered ?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger ; but his present 's
A withered branch, that 's only green at top ;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral :
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend ;
For by his rusty outside he appears
To have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honoured triumph strangely furnishéd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion 's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit for the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming ; we 'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, all crying, "The mean Knight!"*

Scene III.—Pentapolis. A Hall of State.—A Banquet prepared.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, *Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.*

Sim. Knights,
To say you 're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good but others to exceed;
And you 're her laboured scholar.—Come queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place:

Marshal the rest as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honoured much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love,

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir; sit.

[*Aside.*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,

These cates resist me, he not thought upon

Thai. [*Aside.*] By Juno, that is queen

Of marriage, all viands that I eat

Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.

Sure, he 's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. [*Aside.*] He 's but a country gentleman.

Has done no more than other knights have done,

Has broken a staff, or so; so let it pass.

Thai. [*Aside.*] To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. [*Aside.*] Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was,
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun for them to reverence;
None that beheld him but like lesser lights
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time 's the king of men;
He 's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that 's stored unto the brim,—
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,—
We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause awhile;
Yon knight doth sit with us too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter:
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them;
And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats
Which make a sound, but killed are wondered at.
Therefore, to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing-bowl to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you 'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. Furthermore tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name, and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles,
My education been in arts and arms,—
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune.
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are addressed,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So this was well asked, 't was so well performed.
Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing too:
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre

Are excellent in making ladies trip,
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

Sim. O, that 's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy. [*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well
[*To* PERICLES.] But you the best.—Pages and lights, to cónduct
These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that 's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore, each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:

For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to his heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot
Of priceless value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivelled up
Their bodies, even to loathing; they so stunk,
That those whose eyes adored them ere their fall,
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft; but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference
Or council has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then.—Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome.—Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the prince you love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our censure:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,—
As goodly buildings left without a roof
Soon fall to ruin,—your most noble self,
That best know how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where 's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me still entreat
You to forbear the absence of your king ;
If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with agéd patience bear your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like nobles, like his noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth ;
Whom if you find and win unto return
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord.* To wisdom he 's a fool that will not yield :
And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we 'll clasp hands :
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.—Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Simonides, *reading a letter : the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight.* Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,

That for this twelvemonth she 'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 *Knight.* May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she 'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vowed,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt Knights.*

Sim. So,
They 're well dispatched; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she 'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.
'T is well, mistress; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well:—how absolute she 's in 't.
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I commend her choice,
And will no longer have it be delayed.
Soft, here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much, sir! I'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask one thing.
What do you think of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore, look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. [*Aside.*] What 's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'T is the king's subtilty, to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distresséd gentleman,
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitched my daughter, and thou art
A villain.

Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never act of mine did yet commence
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king,
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relished of a base descent.
I came unto your court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to her state;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove, he 's honour's enemy.

Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you?
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—
[*Aside.*] I am glad on 't with all my heart.—
I 'll tame you; I 'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, although not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections
Upon a stranger? [*aside*] who, for aught I know,
May be—nor can I think the contrary—
As great in royal blood as I myself.—
Therefore, hear you, my mistress; either frame
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you.
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you—
Man and wife.
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And being joined, I 'll thus your hopes destroy;
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—
What, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.

Sim. What! are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if 't please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I 'll see you wed;
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep-yslakéd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
All the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,
And time that is so briefly spent

With your fine fancies quaintly eche;
What 's dumb in show, I 'll plain with speech.

Dumb-show.

Enter from one side, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES, *with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter:* PERICLES *shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the Lords kneel to* PERICLES. *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA: SIMONIDES *shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her father, and all depart.*

Gow. By many a dern and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coigns
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence
That horse, and sail, and high expense,
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre—
Fame answering the most strange inquire—
To the court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenor these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:

The mutiny there he hastes t' oppress;
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishéd the regions round,
And every one with claps gan sound,
"Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dreamed, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.

I nill relate, for action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*

Scene I.

Enter Pericles, *on shipboard.*

Per. Thou god of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having recalled them from the deep. O, still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou stormest venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard. Lychorida!—Lucina, O!
Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida!

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an Infant.*

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How, how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here 's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We here below
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!
For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!
For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding a nativity,

As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon 't!

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It has done to me the worst. Yet for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bowlines there! Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That 's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been still observed, and we are strong in custom. Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallowed to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffined, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye remaining lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erhelm thy corse,
Lying with simple shells.—O Lychorida!
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* LYCHORIDA.

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, calked and bituméd ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
Alter thy course from Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O, make for Tharsus.—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I 'll leave it
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:
I 'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Ephesus. A Room in CERIMON'S House.

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now I ne'er endured.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return:
There 's nothing can be ministered to nature,
That can recover him.—[*To* PHILEMON.] Give this to the pothecary,
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen,
Why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend,
And all to topple. Pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
'T is not our husbandry.

Cer. O, you say well.

1 *Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'T is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have—
Together with my practice—made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags
To please the fool and death.

2 *Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus poured forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restored:
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants with a chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let 's look upon 't.

2 *Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
'T is a good strain of fortune belched upon us.

2 *Gent.* 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulked and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.

Cer. Come, wrench it open.
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what 's here? a corse!

1 *Gent.* Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balmed and entreasured
With spices and full bags! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*

Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.

2 *Gent.* Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly, to-night;
For look, how fresh she looks. They were too rough,
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.

[*Exit a Servant.*

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian,
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Re-enter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.—
The rough and woful music that we have,

Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranced
Above five hours. See, how she gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

1 *Gent.* The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
Their fringes of bright gold: the diamonds
Of a most praiséd water do appear
To make the world twice rich. O live, and make
Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*

Thai. O dear Diana!
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!

Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear
her.
Get linen: now this matter must be looked to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying* THAISA *away.*

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in CLEON'S House.

Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA, *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

Per. Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be
gone:
My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take, from my heart, all thankfulness; the gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wanderingly on us.

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleased you had brought
her hither,
To have blessed mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina—whom,
For she was born at sea, I have named so—here
I charge your charity withal, and leave her
The infant of your care, beseeching you
To give her princely training, that she may
Be mannered as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn—
For which the people's prayers still fall upon you—
Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you relieved, would force me to my duty;
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
Unscissared shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.
Good madam, make me blesséd in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I 've one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We 'll bring your grace even to the edge o' the shore;
Then give you up to the masked Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Ephesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon *and* Thaisa.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer: which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's.
That I was shipped at sea, I well remember,
Even on my eaning time; but whether there
Delivered, by the holy gods,

I cannot rightly say. But since King Pericles,
My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
A vestal livery will I take me to,
And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
Diana's temple is not distant far,
Where you may dwell until your date expire.
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all;
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gower. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tharsus, and by Cleon trained
In music, letters; who hath gained
Of education all the grace,

Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack!
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnéd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite: this maid
Hight Philoten; and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be 't when she weaved the sleided silk
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp needle wound
The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to the lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks

In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And curséd Dionyza hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. The unborn event
I do commend to your content:
Only I carry wingéd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyza doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An Open Place near the Seashore.

Enter DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do 't:
'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.

Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
A soldier to thy purpose.

Leon. I 'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter, then, the gods should have her.
Here she comes weeping her old nurse's death.
Thou art resolved?

Leon. I am resolved.

Enter MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

Mar. No, I will rob fair Tellus of her weed,
To strew thy grave with flowers: the yellows, blues,
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a carpet hang upon thy grave,
While summer-days do last. Ah me, poor maid!
Born in a tempest when my mother died,
This world to me is like a lasting storm,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's changed
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
Give me your flowers, ere the sea shall mar it.
Walk with Leonine; there the air is quick,
It pierces, and makes sharp the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I 'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come,
I love the king your father, and yourself,
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage,
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: preserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go;
But yet I 've no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come,

I know 't is good for you.—
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least.—
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I 'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
What! I must have care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—

[*Exit* Dionyza.

Is the wind westerly that blows?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
But cried 'Good seamen!' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;
And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was born:
Never were waves nor wind more violent;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber. 'Ha!' says one, 'wilt out?'
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come ; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it. Pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me killed ?
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life.
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,
Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or life imply her danger ?

Leon. My commission
Is not to reason of the deed, but do 't.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I hope.
You are well-favoured, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought :

Good sooth, it showed well in you: do so now.
Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch. [*Seizes her.*

Enter Pirates.

1 *Pir.* Hold, villain! [LEONINE *runs away.*

2 *Pir.* A prize! a prize!

3 *Pir.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let 's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exeunt Pirates with* MARINA

SCENE II.—Near the Same.

Enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;
And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's dead,
And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravished must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boult!

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mitylene is full of gallants: we lost too much money this mart, by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore, let's have fresh ones, what-e'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 't is not the bringing up of poor bastards,—as I think, I have brought up some eleven—

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I 'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade, it 's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with the Pirates and* MARINA.

Boult. [*To* MARINA.] Come your ways.—
My masters, you say she 's a virgin?

1 *Pir.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there 's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What 's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me
To seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well: you shall have the difference of all complexions. What, do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you 're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult 's returned.

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And, I pr'ythee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*To* MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as ye do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town:

report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore, say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Cleon *and* Dionyza.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er looked upon.

Dion. I think,

You 'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I 'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poisoned too.
If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness
Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I 'll say so. Who can cross it?
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And, for an honest attribute, cry out,
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The petty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding

Who ever but his approbation added
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
From honourable sources.

Dion. Be it so, then;
Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did distain my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierced me through;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Performed to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And yet we mourn for her: her monument
Is almost finished, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou 'rt like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,

Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the flies:
But yet, I know, you 'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles, have a wish but for 't;
Making—to take thus your imagination—
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardoned, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story.—Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,

Old Helicanus goes along behind.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This king to Tharsus—think his pilot thought,
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on—
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

Dumb-show.

Enter from one side PERICLES, *with his Train; from the other* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

Gow. See, how belief may suffer by foul show!
This borrowed passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devoured,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'ershowered,
Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit

The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'S *monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,
Who withered in her spring of year :
She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter.
Marina was she called ; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallowed some part o' the earth :
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflowed,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestowed :
Wherefore she does (and swears she'll never stint)
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.

No visor does become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter 's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderéd
By Lady Fortune ; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylen. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall 's go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I 'll do anything now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VI.—The Same. A Room in the Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boult.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation: we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her

quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she 'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there 's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Boult. O, sir! I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there 's for you: leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave, a word, and I 'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. [*To* MARINA.] First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

Mar. I do desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he 's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she 's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

Lys. Go thy ways. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and* Boult.]—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. Why, I cannot name 't but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. E'er since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into 't? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now;
If put upon you, make the judgment good
That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more:—be sage.

Mar. For me,
That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune
Hath placed me in this sty, where, since I came,
Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallowed place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dreamed thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had altered it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Persever in the clear way that thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be your thought only
That with no ill intent I came; to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear more from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnéd door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O, abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She 's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of womankind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [*Exit.*

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

Mar. Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art,
Since they do better thee in their command.
They hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend
Of hell would not in reputation change:
Thou art the damnéd door-keeper to every
Coystril that comes inquiring for his Tib;
Unto the choleric fist of every rogue
Thy ear is liable; thy food is such
As hath been belched on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not enough money in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old réceptacles, or common sewers, of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman:
Any of these ways are yet better than this;
For what thou art, a baboon, could he speak,
Would own a name too dear. O that the gods
Would from this place safely deliver me!
Here, here is gold for thee.
If that thy master would gain gold by me,
Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast;
And I will undertake all these to teach.
I doubt not but this populous city will
Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak of?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home again
And prostitute me to the basest groom
That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee; if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst

them. But since my master and mistress hath bought you, there 's no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I 'll do for thee what I can: come your ways. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story says.
She sings like one immortal, and she dances
As goddess-like to her admiréd lays.
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her neeld composes
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,
That even her art sisters the natural roses;
Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry;
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her: and her gain
She gives the curséd bawd. Here we her place,
And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost,
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast
Suppose him anchored now. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
His banners sable, trimmed with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discovered; please you, sit and hark.
[*Exit.*

SCENE I.—On board PERICLES' ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclining on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] Where is Lord Helicane? he can resolve you.
O, here he is.—
Sir, there 's a barge put off from Mitylene,

And in it is Lysimachus, the governor,
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard: I pray you greet them fairly.

[*Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*

Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS *and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen and the two Sailors.*

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.
Being on shore, honouring Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I'm governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any one, nor taken sustenance,
But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. 'T would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief springs from the loss
Of a belovéd daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight: he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES *discovered.*] This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you!

1 *Lord.* Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafened parts,
Which now are midway stopped:
She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
And with her fellow-maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords.*

[*Exit Lord.*

Hel. Effectless, sure; yet nothing we 'll omit,
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
We have stretched thus far, let us to this beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you;—
But see, I am prevented.

Re-enter Lord, with MARINA *and a young Lady.*

Lys. O, here is
The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—
Is 't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She 's a gallant lady.

Lys. She 's such a one, that were I well assured
She came of gentle kind, and noble stock,
I 'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.—
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided
That none but I and my companion maid
Be suffered to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous!

[MARINA *sings.*

Marked he your music?

Mar. No, nor looked on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

Per. Hum! ha!

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But hath been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weighed.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside.*] I will desist;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he speak.'

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.—Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.—
You are like something that—What country-woman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel like,
And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achieved you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seem
Like lies, disdained in the reporting.

Per. Prithee, speak:
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st

Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crowned truth to dwell in. I 'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back—
Which was when I perceived thee—that thou cam'st
From good descending?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been tossed from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story;
If thine considered prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffered like a girl: yet thou dost look
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves and smiling
Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?

Recount, I do beseech thee. Come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mocked,
And thou by some incenséd god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or here I 'll cease.

Per. Nay, I 'll be patient.
Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name
Was given me by one that had some power ;
My father, and a king.

Per. How ! a king's daughter ?
And called Marina ?

Mar. You said you would believe me ;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood ?
Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?—
Motion !—Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?
And wherefore called Marina ?

Mar. Called Marina ?
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea ! what mother ?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Delivered weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little.—
[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You scorn to believe me; 't were best I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—
How came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me,
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having wooed
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
You think me an imposter: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to King Pericles,
If good King Pericles be.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. Never she would tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honoured sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O, come hither,
Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray,
What is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
My drowned queen's name—as in the rest you said
Thou hast been godlike perfect,—thou 'rt heir of kingdoms,
And another life to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say, my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child.
Give me fresh garments! Mine own, Helicanus;
She is not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,

Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.—
Give me my robes: I am wild in my beholding.
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?—
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?
The music of the spheres! List, my Marina.

Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?—

Lys. My lord, I hear. [*Music.*

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*

Lys. A pillow for his head.

[*The curtain before the pavilion of* PERICLES *is closed.*

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and attendant Lady.*

Scene II.—The Same.

PERICLES *on the deck asleep;* DIANA *appearing to him in a vision.*

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither,
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all,
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's call,
And give them repetition to the life.
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:
Do it, and happy, by my silver bow!
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

Hel. Sir?

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am
For other service first: toward Ephesus
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I 'll tell thee why.—

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
And give you gold for such provision
As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir,
With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This, my last boon, pray you give me,
For such kindness must relieve me,
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mitylen,
To greet the king. So well he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.
In feathered briefness sails are filled,
And wishes fall out as they're willed.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our king, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a Lady.*

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
I here confess myself the King of Tyre,
Who, frighted from my country, did wed,
At Pentapólis, the fair Thaisa.
At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
A maid-child called Marina; who, O goddess!
Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tharsus
Was nursed with Cleon, whom at fourteen years

He sought to murder: but her better stars
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour:—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*Faints.*

Per. What means the woman? she dies: help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no:
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she 's but o'erjoyed.
Early in blustering morn this lady was
Thrown on this shore. I oped the coffin, found
Rich jewels there; recovered her, and placed her
Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!
If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. Like him you speak,
Like him you are. Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposéd dead
And drowned.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*

Per. This, this: no more, you gods! your present kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: you shall do well,
That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to* THAISA.

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
Thy burden at the sea, and called Marina,

For she was yielded there.

Thai. Blessed, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
I left behind an ancient substitute:
Can you remember what I called the man?
I have named him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation!
Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
Now do I long to hear how you were found,
How possibly preserved, and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;

How she came to be placed here in the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision; I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothéd of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament,
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
My father's dead.

Per. Heavens, make a star of him! Yet there, my queen,
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead 's the way.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen,

Although assailed with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by heaven and crowned with joy at last.
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty.
In reverend Cerimon there well appears
The worth that learnéd charity aye wears.
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their curséd deed, and honoured name
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
That him and his they in his palace burn.
The gods for murder seeméd so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF TYRE.

THE STORY OF THE PRINCE OF TYRE.

From John Gower's "Confessio Amantis."

"Of a cronique in daiés gon,
The which is clepéd Panteón,
In lovés cause I redé thus,
How that the great Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioché toke
His firsté name, as saith the boke,
Was coupled to a noble quene,
And had a doughter hem betwene.
But such fortúné cam to honde,
That deth, which no kind may withstonde
But every life it mote obey,
This worthy quené toke awey.
The king, which madé mochel mone,
Tho stood as who saith all him one
Withouté wife, but nethéles
His doughter which was perélés
Of beauté dwelt about him stille.
But whan a man hath welth at wille
The flesshe is frele and falleth ofte,
And that this maidé tendre and softe
Whiche in her faders chambre dwelte

Within a timé wist and felte,
It helpeth nought all though she wepe,
For they that shulde her body kepe
Of women were absent as than,
And thus this maiden goth to man.
The wildé fader thus devoureth
His owné flessh, which none socoúreth,
And that was cause of mochel care.
But after this unkindé fare
Out of the chambre goth the king.
And she lay still and of this thing
Within her self such sorwe made
There was no wight, that might her glade,
Fore fere of thilke horríble vice.
With that came inné the norice,
Which fro childhode her haddé kepte
And axeth if she haddé slepte,
And why her cheré was unglad.
But she, which hath ben overlad
Of that she mighté nought be wreke,
For shamé couth unethés speke.
And nethéles mercý she praide
With weping eye and thus she saide:
'Helas, my suster, wailoway,
That ever I sigh this ilké day.
My worldés worship is berefte.'
With that she swouneth now and efte
And ever wissheth after deth,

So that welnigh her lacketh breth.
"That other, which her wordés herde,
In comfortíng of her answérde,
'Whan thing is do, there is no bote.
So suffren they that suffren mote.
There was none other, which it wist.'
Thus hath this king all that him list
And such delite he toke there in,
Him thoughté that it was no sin.
And she durst him no thing withsay.
But Famé, which goth every way,
To sondry regnés all aboute
The greaté beauté telleth oute
Of such a maide of high paráge.
So that for love of mariáge
The worthy princes come and sende,
As they the which all honour wende
And knew no thíng how that it stode.
"The fader whan he understode
That they his doughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he mighté finde a lette,
And such a statute than he sette,
And in this wise his lawé taxeth,
That what man that his doughter axeth,
But if he couthe his questión
Assoile upon suggestión
Of certein thingés that befelle,

The which he wolde unto him telle,
He shulde in certein lese his hede.
And thus there weré many dede,
Her hedés stonding on the gate,
Till atté lasté long and late
For lacke of answere in this wise
The remenaunt that weren wise
Escheueden to make assay.
"Till it befell upon a day
Appollinus the prince of Tire,
Which hath to love a great desire,
A yonge, a fresh, a lusty knight,
As he lay musing on a night
Of the tidíngés, which he herde,
He thought assay how that it ferde.
He was with worthy compaignie
Arraiéd and with good navie
To ship he goth, the winde him driveth,
And saileth till that he arriveth
Sauf in the porte of Antioche.
He londeth and goth to approche
The kingés court and his presence.
"Of every natural sciénce
Whiche any clerké couth him teche
He couth inough, and in his speche
Of wordés he was eloquént.
And whan he sigh the king presént,
He praieth he mote his doughter have.

The king ayein began to crave
And tolde him the condición,
How first unto his questión
He mote answere and failé nought,
Or with his heved it shall be bought.
And he him axeth, what it was.
"The king declareth him the cas
With sterné loke and stordy chere,
To him and said in this manere:
'With felony I am upbore,
I ete, and have it nought forlore,
My moders flesh, whose husébondé,
My fader, for to seche I fonde,
Which is the sone eke of my wife.
Herof I am inquisitife.
And who that can my talé save
Al quite he shall my doughter have.
Of his answere and if he faile,
He shall be dede withouté faile.
Forthý my soné, quod the king,
Be wel aviséd of this thing,
Which hath thy life in jeopartie.
Appollinus for his partie
Whan he that questión had herde,
Unto the king he hath answérde
And hath rehercéd one and one
The points and saidé therupon:
'The questión, which thou hast spoke,

If thou wolt that it be unloke,
It toucheth all the privété
Betwene thin owné child and the
And stant all hole upon you two.'
The king was wonder sory tho
And thought, if that he said it out,
Than were he shaméd all about.
With slighé wordés and with felle
He saith: 'My sone, I shall the telle,
Though that thou be of litel wit,
It is no great merveile as yit,
Thin agé may it nought suffise.
But loké wel thou nought despise
Thin owné life, for of my grace
Of thritty daiés full a space
I graunté the, to ben avised.'
"And thus with leve and time assised
This yongé princé forth he wente
And understode wel what it mente.
Within his herte as he was lered,
That for to maken him afered
The kinge his time hath so delaied
Wherof he drad and was amaied
Of treson that he deié sholde
For he the king his sothé tolde.
And sodeinly the nightés tide,
That moré wolde he nought abide,
Al privély his barge he hente

And home ayein to Tire he wente.
And in his owné wit he saide,
For drede, if he the king bewraide
He knew so wel the kingés herte
That deth ne shulde he nought asterte,
The king him woldé so pursue.
But he that wolde his deth escheue
And knewe all this to-fore the honde,
Forsake he thought his owné londe,
That theré wolde he nought abide.
For wel he knew that on some side
This tiraunt of his felonie
By some manere of trecherie
To greve his body woll nought leve.
" Forthý withouten taking leve
As privelich as ever he might
He goth him to the see by night,
Her shippés ben with wheté laden,
Her takil redy tho they maden
And haleth sail and forth they fare.
But for to tellen of the care,
That they of Tiré baren tho,
Whan that they wist he was ago,
It is a pité for to here.
They losten lust, they losten chere,
They toke upon hem such penaúnce,
There was no song, there was no daunce,
But every merthe and melodý

To hem was than a maladý,
For unlust of that aventúre.
There was no man which toke tonsúre,
In dolfull clothés they hem clothe.
The bathés and the stewés bothe
They shetten in by every wey.
There was no life which listé pley
Ne take of any joié kepe,
But for her legé lord to wepe,
And every wight said as he couth:
'Helas, the lusty floure of youth,
Our prince, our heved, our governóur,
Through whom we stonden in honóur,
Withouté the commúne assent,
That sodeinly is fro us went!'
Such was the clamour of hem alle.
"But se we now what is befalle
Upon the firsté talé pleine
And torné we therto ayeine.
"Antiochus the greté sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His herté bereth so as ye herde
Of that this prince of Tire answerde,
He had a felow bacheler,
Which was his privé counseiler
And Taliart by name he hight.
The king a strong poisón him dight
Within a buist and gold therto,

In allé haste and bad him go
Straught unto Tire and for no cost
Ne sparé till he haddé lost
The princé which he woldé spill.
And whan the king hath said his will
This Taliart in a galéy
With all the haste he toke his wey.
The wind was good, they saileth blive,
Till he toke lond upon the rive
Of Tire and forth with all anone
Into the burgh he gan to gone
And toke his inne and bode a throwe.
But for he woldé nought be knowe,
Desguiséd than he goth him out.
He sigh the weping all about
And axeth, what the causé was.
And they him tolden all the cas,
How sodeinlý the prince is go.
And when he sigh that it was so
And that his labour was in veine
Anone he torneth home ayeine,
And to the king when he cam nigh
He tolde of that he herde and sigh,
How that the prince of Tire is fled,
So was he come ayein unsped.
The king was sory for a while
But whan he sigh that with no wile
He might acheve his cruelté,

He stint his wrath and let him be.
"But over this now for to telle
Of adventúrés that befelle
Unto this prince, of which I tolde,
He hath his righté cours forth holde
By stone and nedel till he cam
To Tharse, and ther his londe he nam.
A bourgeis riche of golde and fee
Was thilké time in that citee,
Which clepéd was Strangulio,
His wife was Dioníse also.
This yongé prince, as saith the boke,
With him his herbergágé toke.
And it befell that citee so
Beforé time and than also
Through strongé famin whiche hem lad
Was none that any wheté had.
Appollinús, whan that he herde
The mischefe, how the citee ferde,
All frelich of his owné yifte
His whete among hem for to shifte,
The which by ship he haddé brought,
He yave, and toke of hem right nought.
But sithen first this world began,
Was never yet to such a man
More joié made, than they him made.
For they were all of him so glade
That they for ever in rémembraúnce

Made a figúre in résemblaúnce
Of him and in a comun place
They set it up, so that his face
Might every maner man beholde
So as the citee was beholde,
It was of laton over gilt.
Thus hath he nought his yifté spilt.
" Upon a timé with a route
This lord to pleié goth him oute
And in his way of Tire he mette
A man, which on his knees him grette,
And Hellican by name he hight,
Which praide his lord to have insight
Upon him self and said him thus,
How that the great Antiochus
Awaiteth if he might him spille.
That other thought and helde him stille
And thonkéd him of his warníng
And bad him tellé no tidíng,
Whan he to Tire cam home ayeine,
That he in Tharse him haddé seine.
" Fortúne hath ever be muáble
And may no whilé stondé stable.
For now it higheth, now it loweth,
Now stant upright, now overthroweth,
Now full of bliss and now of bale,
As in the telling of my tale
Here afterward a man may lere,

Which is great routhé for to here.
"This lord, which woldé done his best,
Within him self hath litel rest
And thought he wolde his placé chaunge
And seke a contré moré straunge.
Of Tharsiens his leve anone
He toke and is to shippé gone.
His cours he nam with saile updrawe,
Where as Fortúné doth the lawe
And sheweth as I shall reherce
How she was to this lord diverse,
The which upon the see she ferketh.
The winde aros, the wether derketh,
It blew and madé such tempést,
None anker may the ship arest,
Which hath to-broken all his gere.
The shipmen stood in such a fere,
Was none that might him self bestere,
But ever awaite upon the lere
Whan that they sholden drenche at ones.
There was inough within the wones
Of weping and of sorwe tho.
The yongé king maketh mochel wo
So for to se the ship travaile,
But all that might him nought availe.
The mast to-brake, the sail to-rofe,
The ship upon the wawés drofe,
Till that they se the londés coste,

Tho made a vow the leste and moste,
Be so they mighten come a londe.
But he which hath the se on honde,
Neptunus, woldé nought accorde,
But all to-brake cable and corde,
Er they to londé mighte approche.
The ship to-clef upon a roche
And all goth down into the depe.
But he that allé thing may kepe
Unto this lord was merciáble
And brought him sauf upon a table
Which to the londe him hath upbore,
The remenaunt was all forlore.
Herof he madé mochel mone.

" Thus was this yongé lorde alone
All naked in a pouér plite.
His colour which was whilom white
Was than of water fade and pale,
And eke he was so sore a cale,
That he wist of him self no bote,
It helpe him no thing for to mote
To gete ayein that he hath lore.
But she which hath his deth forbore,
Fortúné, though she woll nought yelpe,
All sodeinly hath sent him helpe
Whan him thought allé grace awey.
There came a fissher in the wey
And sigh a man there naked stonde.

And whan that he hath understonde
The cause, he hath of him great routh
And onlich of his pouér trouth
Of suché clothés as he hadde
With great pité this lord he cladde.
And he him thonketh as he sholde
And saith him that it shall be yolde,
If ever he gete his state ayein,
And praieth, that he wolde him sain
If nigh were any town for him.
He saidé: 'Ye, Pentopolim,
Where bothé king and quené dwellen.'
Whan he this talé herdé tellen,
He gladdeth him and gan beseche,
That he the wey him woldé teche.
And he him taught. And forth he went
And praidé God with good entent
To sende him joy after his sorwe.

"It was nought passéd yet mid-morwe,
Than thiderward his wey he nam,
Where sone upon the none he cam.
He eté such as he might gete,
And forth anone whan he had ete,
He goth to se the town about,
And cam there as he found a rout
Of yongé lusty men withall.
And as it shuldé tho befall,
That day was set of such assise,

That they shulde in the londés gise
As he herde of the people say
Her comun gamé thanné pley.
And criéd was, that they shuld come
Unto the gamés all and some
Of hem that ben deliver and wight
To do such maistry as they might.
They made hem naked as they sholde,
For so that ilké gamé wolde
And it was tho custume and use,
Amongés hem was no refuse.
The floure of all the town was there
And of the court also there were,
And that was in a largé place
Right even before the kingés face,
Whiche Artestrates thanné hight.
The pley was pleied right in his sight,
And who most worthy was of dede
Receive he shulde a certain mede
And in the citee bere a price.
"Appollinus which ware and wise
Of every gamé couth an ende,
He thought assay how so it wende.
And fell among hem into game,
And there he wanne him such a name,
So as the king him self accompteth,
That he all other men surmounteth
And bare the prise above hem alle.

The king bad that into his halle
At souper time he shall be brought.
And he cam than and left it nought,
Withouté compaignȳ alone.
Was none so semelich of persone,
Of visage and of limmés bothe,
If that he haddé what to clothe.
At souper timé nethéles
The king amiddés' all the pres
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle
And bad his mareshall of his halle
To setten him in such degré
That he upon him mighté se.
The king was soné sette and served,
And he which had his prise deserved
After the kingé owné worde,
Was made begin a middel borde
That bothé king and quene him sigh.
He sette and cast about his eye,
And sigh the lordés in estate
And with him self wax in debate
Thenkénd of what he haddé lore,
And such a sorwe he toke therfore,
That he sat ever still and thought,
As he which of no meté rought.

"The king behelde his hevinesse
And of his greté gentilesse
His doughter which was faire and good

And atté bord before him stood,
As it was thilké time uságe,
He bad to go on his messáge
And foundé for to make him glad.
And she did as her fader bad
And goth to him the softé pas.
And axeth whenne and what he was,
And praith he shulde his thoughtés leve.
"He saith: 'Madamé, by your leve.
My name is hote Appollinus,
And of my richesse it is thus,
Upon the see I have it lore.
The contré where as I was bore,
Where that my lond is and my rente,
I lefte at Tire whan that I wente,
The worship there of which I ought
Unto the God I there betought.'
And thus to-gider as they two speke,
The térés ran down by his cheke.
The king, which therof toke good kepe,
Had great pité to se him wepe
And for his doughter send ayein
And praid her faire and gan to sain
That she no lenger woldé drecche,
But that she wolde anone forth fecche
Her harpe and done all that she can
To gladdé with that sory man.
And she to done her faders hest

Her harpé set and in the feste
Upon a charé which they sette
Her self next to this man she sette.
With harpé both and eke with mouthe
To him she did all that she couthe
To make him chere, and ever he siketh,
And she him axeth how him liketh.
'Madamé, certés well,' he saide,
'But if ye the mesúré plaide
Which, if you list, I shall you lere,
It were a glad thing for to here.'
'Ha, levé siré,' tho quod she,
'Now take the harpe and let me se,
Of what mesúré that ye mene.'
"Tho praith the king, tho praith the quene,
Forth with the lordés all arewe,
That he some merthé woldé shewe.
He taketh the harpe and in his wise
He tempreth, and of suche assise
Singend he harpeth forth withall
That as a vois celestiall
Hem thought it sounéd in her ere,
As though that he an aungel were.
They gladen of his melodý,
But most of all the company
The kingés doughter, which it herde,
And thought eke of that he answérde
Whan that it was of her apposed,

Within her hert hath well supposed
That he is of great gentilesse;
His dedés ben therof witnesse
Forth with the wisdome of his lore,
It nedeth nought to seché more.
He might nought havé such manere
Of gentil blood but if he were.
When he hath harpéd all his fill
The kingés hesté to fulfill,
Away goth dish, away goth cup,
Down goth the bord, the cloth was up,
They risen and gone out of halle.
"The king his chamberlein let calle
And bad, that he by allé wey
A chambre for this man purvey,
Which nigh his owné chambre be.
'It shall be do, my lord,' quod he.
"Appollinus, of whom I mene,
Tho toke his leve of king and quene
And of the worthy maide also,
Which praid unto her fader tho,
That she might of the yongé man
Of tho sciénces which he can,
His loré have. And in this wise
The king her graunteth his apprise,
So that him selfe thereto assent.
Thus was accorded er they went
That he with all that ever he may

This yongé fairé freshé may
Of that he couthé shulde enforme.
And ful assented in this forme
They token leve as for that night.
"And whan it was on morwe right,
Unto this yongé man of Tire
Of clothés and of good attire
With gold and silver to despende
This worthy yongé lady sende.
And thus she made him well at ese,
And he with all that he can plese
Her serveth well and faire ayeine.
He taught her till she was certeine
Of harpé, citole and of riote
With many a tune and many a note,
Upon musíque, upon mesúre,
And of her harpé the temprure
He taught her eke, as he well couth.
But as men sain that frele is youth,
With leiser and continuaunce,
This maidé fell upon a chaunce,
That love hath made him a quarele
Ayeine her youthé fresh and frele,
That malgré where she wold or nought,
She mot with all her hertés thought
To love and to his lawe obey.
And that she shall full sore abey,
For she wot never what it is.

But ever among she feleth this,
Thenkend upon this man of Tire,
Her herte is hote as any fire,
And otherwise it is acale.
Now is she red, now is she pale
Right after the condition
Of her ymagination.
But ever among her thoughtés alle,
She thoughté, what so may befalle,
Or that she laugh, or that she wepe,
She wolde her godé namé kepe
For fere of womanisshé shame.
But what in ernest, what in game,
She stant for love in such a plite
That she hath lost all appetite
Of mete and drinke, of nightés rest,
As she that not what is the best.
But for to thenken all her fille
She helde her ofté timés stille
Within her chambre and goth nought out.
The king was of her life in doubt,
Which wisté nothing what it ment.
" But fell a time, as he out went
To walke, of princes sonés thre
There came and fellé to his knee,
And eche of hem in sondry wise
Besought and profreth his servíce,
So that he might his doughter have.

The king, which wold her honour save,
Saith, she is sike, and of that speche
Tho was no timé to beseche,
But eche of hem to make a bille
He bad and write his owné wille,
His name, his fader, and his good.
And whan she wist how that it stood,
And had her billés oversein,
They shulden have answere ayein.
Of this counseil they weren glad
And writen as the king hem bad,
And every man his owné boke
Into the kingés hond betoke.
And he it to his doughter sende
And praide her for to make an ende
And write ayein her owné honde,
Right as she in her herté fonde.

"The billés weren well received,
But she hath all her lovés weived
And thoughté tho was time and space
To put her in her faders grace
And wrote ayein and thus she saide:

'The shamé which is in a maide
With speché dare nought be unloke,
But in writíng it may be spoke.
So write I to you, fader, thus,
But if I have Appollinus,
Of all this world what so betide

I woll non other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile
I wot right well withouté faile
Ye shull for me be doughterles.'
This letter came, and there was pres
To-fore the king there as he stode.
And whan that he it understode,
He yave hem answere by and by.
But that was done so privély,
That none of others counseil wiste.
They toke her leve, and where hem liste
They wenté forth upon her wey.
"The king no woldé nought bewrey
The counseil for no maner high,
But suffreth till he time sigh.
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath unto his counseil nome
This man of Tire and lete him se
The letter, and all the privété
The which his doughter to him sente.
And he his kne to groundé bente
And thonketh him and her also.
And er they wenten than a two
With good herte and with good coráge
Of full love and full mariáge
The kinge and he ben hole accorded.
And after, whan it was recorded
Unto the doughter how it stood,

The yifte of all this worldés good
Ne shuld have made her half so blithe.
And forthwithall the kinge als swithe,
For he woll have her good assent,
Hath for the quene her moder sent.
The quene is come, and whan she herde
Of this matere how that it ferde,
She sigh debate she sigh disese
But if she wolde her doughter plese,
And is therto assented ful,
Whiche is a dedé wonderful,
For no man knew the sothé cas,
But he him self, what man he was.
And nethéles so as hem thought
His dedés to the sothé wrought,
That he was come of gentil blood,
Him lacketh nought but worldés good,
And as therof is no despeire,
For she shall be her faders heire
And he was able to govérne,
Thus woll they nought the lové werne
Of him and hiré by no wise,
But all accordéd they devise
The day and time of mariáge,
Where love is lorde of the corage.
Him thenketh longe er that he spede,
But atté laste unto the dede
The time is come, and in her wise

With great offrénd and sacrifice
They wedde and make a riché fest,
And every thing was right honést
Withinné hous and eke without.
It was so done, that all about
Of great worshíp and great noblesse
There criéd many a man largesse
Unto the lordés high and loude.
The knightes, that ben yonge and proude,
They jesté first and after daunce.
The day is go, the nightés chaunce
Hath derkéd all the brighte sonne.
This lord hath thus his lové wonne.
"Now have I tolde of the spousailes.
But for to speke of the merveiles,
Which afterward to hem befelle,
It is a wonder for to telle.
"It fell a day they riden out
The kinge and quene and all the rout
To pleién hem upon the stronde,
Where as they seen toward the londe
A ship sailénd of great array;
To knowé what it mené may,
Till it be comé they abide.
Than se they stonde on every side
Endlong the shippés bord to shewe
Of penouncéls a riché rewe.
They axen whenne the ship is come.

Fro Tire, anone answérdé some.
And over this they saiden more
The causé why they comen fore
Was for to seche and for to finde
Appollinus, which is of kinde
Her legé lord. And he appereth
And of the talé whiche he hereth
He was right glad, for they him tolde,
That for vengeaúnce, as God it wolde,
Antiochus as men may wite
With thunder and lightning is for-smite.
His doughter hath the samé chaunce.
So be they both in o balaunce.
Forthý, our legé lord, we say
In name of all the lond and pray,
That left all other thing to done
It liké you to comé sone
And se your owné legé men
With other that ben of your ken
That live in longing and desire
Till ye be come ayein to Tire.
This tale after the king it had
Pentapolim all oversprad.
There was no joié for to seche,
For every man it had in speche
And saiden all of one accorde:
'A worthy king shall ben our lorde;
That thought us first an hevinesse

Is shape us now to great gladnésse.'
Thus goth the tiding over all.
"But nede he mot that nedé shall.
Appollinus his levé toke,
To god and all the lond betoke
With all the people longe and brode,
That he no lenger there abode.
"The king and quené sorwe made,
But yet somdele they weren glade
Of such thing as they herden tho.
And thus betwene the wele and wo
To ship he goth, his wife with childe,
The which was ever meke and milde
And woldé nought departe him fro,
Such lové was betwene hem two.
Lichorida for her office
Was také, which was a norice,
To wendé with this yongé wife,
To whom was shape a wofull life
Within a time, as it betid,
Whan they were in the see amid,
Out of the north they sigh a cloude,
The storme aros, the windés loude
They blewen many a dredefull blast,
The welken was all overcast.
The derké night the sonne hath under,
There was a great tempést of thunder.
The mone and eke the sterrés bothe

In blacké cloudés they hem clothe,
Wherof her brighté loke they hide.
This yongé lady wept and cride
To whom no comfort might availe,
Of childé she began travaile
Where she lay in a caban close.
Her wofull lord fro her arose,
And that was long er any morwe,
So that in anguish and in sorwe
She was delivered all by night
And deiede in every mannés sight.
" But netheles for all this wo
A maidé child was boré tho.
" Appollinus whan he this knewe,
For sowre a swoune he overthrewe
That no man wist in him no life.
And whan he woke, he saide: 'Ha, wife,
My joy, my lust and my desire,
My welth and my recoverire,
Why shall I live, and thou shalt deie?
Ha, thou Fortúne, I the defie,
Now hast thou do to me thy werst.
Ha, herté, why ne wolt thou berst,
That forth with her I mighté passe?
My painés weré well the lasse.
In such wepíng and suché crie
His dedé wife which lay him by
A thousand sithés he her kiste,

Was never man that sigh ne wiste
A sorwe to his sorwe liche,
Was ever among upon the liche.
He fell swounénde as he that thought
His owné deth, which he besought
Unto the goddés all above
With many a pitous word of love.
But suché wordés as tho were
Yet herdé never mannés ere,
But only thilké which he saide.
The maister shipman came and praide
With other such as ben therinne,
And sain that he may nothing winne
Ayein the deth, but they him rede
He be well ware and také hede,
The see by wey of his natúre
Receivé may no creätúre
Within him self as for to holde
The which is dede. Forthý they wolde,
As they counseílen all about,
The dedé body casten out.
For better it is, they saiden all,
That if of hiré so befall,
Than if they shulden allé spille.
"The king, which understode her will
And knew her counseil that was trewe,
Began ayein his sorwe newe
With pitous hert and thus to say:

'It is all reson that ye pray.
I am,' quod he, 'but one alone,
So wolde I nought for my persone
There fellé such adversité.
But whan it may no better be
Doth thanné thus upon my worde,
Let make a coffre stronge of borde,
That it be firm with led and piche.
Anone was made a coffre siche
All redy brought unto his honde.
And whan he sighe and redy fonde
This coffre made and well englued,
The dedé body was besewed
In cloth of gold and laid therinne.
And for he wolde unto her winne
Upon some coste a sepulture,
Under her heved in adventûre
Of gold he laidé sommés great
And of juéls a strong beyéte
Forth with a letter, and said thus :
'I, king of Tire, Appollinus
Doth allé maner men to wite,
That here and se this letter write,
That helpélés withouté rede
Here lith a kingés doughter dede,
And who that hapneth her to finde
For charité take in his minde
And do so that she be begrave

With this tresór which he shal have.'
"Thus whan the letter was full spoke
They have anone the coffre stoke
And bounden it with iron faste,
That it may with the wawés laste,
And stoppen it by such a wey
That it shall be withinné drey,
So that no water might it greve.
And thus in hope and good beleve
Of that the corps shall well arrive,
They cast it over borde as blive.
"The ship forth on the wawés went
The prince hath chaungéd his entent,
And saith, he woll nought come at Tire
As thanné, but all his desire
Is first to sailen unto Tharse.
The windy storm began to scarse,
The sonne arist, the weder clereth,
The shipman which behindé stereth,
Whan that he sigh the windés saught,
Towardés Tharse his cours he straught.
"But now to my matere ayein,
To telle as oldé bokés sain
This dedé corps of whiche ye knowe
With winde and water was forth throwe,
Now here, now there, till atté last
At Ephesim the see upcast

The coffre and all that was therinne.
Of great merveilé now beginne
May heré who that sitteth still.
That God woll savé may nought spill.
Right as the corps was throwe a londe,
There came walkénd upon the stronde
A worthy clerke and surgién
And eke a great phisicién,
Of all that lond the wisest one,
Which highté maister Cerimon.
There were of his disciples some.
This maister is to the coffre come,
He peiseth there was somwhat in
And bad hem bere it to his inne,
And goth him selvé forth with all.
All that shall fallé, fallé shall.

"They comen home and tarie nought.
This coffre into his chambre is brought,
Which that they findé fasté stoke,
But they with craft it have unloke.
They loken in, whereas they founde,
A body dede, which was iwounde
In cloth of gold, as I said ere.
The tresor eke they founden there
Forth with the letter, which they reue.
And tho they token better hede.
Unsowéd was the body sone,

As he that knewe what was to done,
This noble clerk with allé haste
Began the veinés for to taste.
And sigh her agé was of youthe ;
And with the craftés which he couthe
He sought and found a signe of life.
With that this worthy kingés wife
Honestély they token out
And maden firés all about.
They laid her on a couché softe,
And with a sheté warméd ofte
Her coldé brest began to hete,
Her herte also to flacke and bete.
This maister hath her every jointe
With certain oil and balsme anointe,
And put a liquour in her mouthe
Which is to fewé clerkes couthe,
So that she covereth atté laste.
And first her eyen up she caste,
And whan she more of strengthé caught,
Her armés bothé forth she straught,
Held up her hond and pitouslý
She spake and saidé : ‘ Where am I ?
Where is my lord, what world is this ?’
As she that wot nought how it is.
But Cerimon that worthy leche
Answerde anone upon her speche

And said: 'Madamé, ye ben here,
Where ye be sauf, as ye shall here
Hereafterward, forthý as now
My counseil is, comfórteth you.
For tristeth wel, withouté faile,
There is no thing which shall you faile,
That ought of reson to be do.'
Thus passen they a day or two;
They speke of nought as for an ende,
Till she began somdele amende,
And wist her selven what she mente
"Tho for to knowe her hole entente
This maister axeth all the cas,
How she cam there, and what she was.
'How I came heré, wote I nought,'
Quod she, 'but wel I am bethought
Of other thingés all about
Fro point to point,' and tolde him out
Als ferforthly as she it wiste.
And he her tolde how in a kiste
The see her threwe upon the londe,
And what tresór with her he fonde,
Which was all redy at her will,
As he that shope him to fulfill
With al his might what thing he shuld.
She thonketh him that he so wolde,
And all her herté she discloseth

And saith him well that she supposeth,
Her lord be dreint, her childe also.
So sigh she nought but allé wo.
Wherof as to the world no more
Ne woll she torne and praieth therfore,
That in some temple of the citee
To kepe and holde her chasteté
She might among the women dwelle.
Whan he this talé herdé telle
He was right glad, and made her knowen
That he a doughter of his owen
Hath, which he woll unto her yive
To servé while they bothé live,
In stede of that which she hath loste;
All only at his owné coste
She shall be rendred forth with her.
She saith, 'Graunt mercy, levé sir,
God quite it you, there I ne may.'
And thus they drivé forth the day
Till timé cam that she was hole.
And tho they take her counseil hole
To shape upon good ordenaúnce
And make a worthy purveaúnce
Ayein the day whan they be veiled
And thus whan that they were counseiled,
In blacké clothés they hem clothe
This lady and the doughter bothe

And yolde hem to religión.
The feste and the profession
After the reule of that degré
Was made with great solempnite,
Where as Diane is sanctified.
Thus stant this lady justified
In ordre where she thenketh to dwelle.
"But now ayeinward for to telle,
In what plite that her lord stood inne.
He saileth till that he may winne
The haven of Tharse, as I saide ere.
And whan he was arrivéd there,
Tho it was through the cité knowe,
Men mighté se within a throwe
As who saith all the towne at ones.
They come ayein him for the nones
To yiven him the reverénce,
So glad they were of his presénce.
And though he were in his coráge
Diseséd, yet with glad viságe
He made hem chere and to his inne,
Where he whilom sojournéd in,
He goth him straught and was received.
And whan the press of people is weived,
He taketh his host unto him tho
And saith, 'My frend Strangulio,
Lo thus and thus it is befalle.

And thou thy self art one of alle,
Forth with thy wife, which I most trist,
Forthý if it you bothé list,
My doughter Thaisé by your leve
I thenké shall with you beleve
As for a time, and thus I pray
That she be kept by allé way,
And whan she hath of agé more,
That she be set to bokés lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My berdé for no liking shave
Till it befallé that I have
In covenáble time of age
Besette her unto mariáge.
"Thus they accorde, and all is well.
And for to resten him somdele
Yet for a while he ther sojórneth,
And than he taketh his leve and torneth
To ship and goth him home to Tire,
Where every man with great desire
Awaiteth upon his comíng.
But whan the ship cam in sailing
And they perceiven it is he,
Was never yet in no citee
Such joié made, as they tho made.
His hert also began to glade

Of that he seeth his people glad.
Lo, thus Fortúne his hap hath lad,
In sondry wise he was travailed.
But how so ever he be assailed,
His latter endé shall be good.

"And for to speke how that it stood
Of Thaise his doughter, wher she dwelleth,
In Tharse as the croníqué telleth
She was well kept, she was well loked,
She was wel taught, she was wel boked,
So well she sped her in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seche in every londe
So wise an other no man fonde
Ne so well taught at mannés eye.
But wo worth ever false envý.
For it befell that timé so,
A doughter hath Strangulio,
The which was clepéd Philotenne.
But Famé, which woll ever renne,
Came all day to her moders ere
And saith, wher ever her doughter were
With Thaisé set in any place
The commun vois the commun grace
Was all upon that other maide,
And of her doughter no man saide.
Who was wroth but Dionísé than?

Her thought a thousand yere till whan
She mighté be of Thaisé wreke
Of that she herdé folk so speke.
And fell that ilké samé tide,
That dede was trewé Lichoride
Whiche haddé be servaúnt to Thaise,
So that she was the wors at ese.
For she hath thanné no servíse
But onely through this Dioníse
Which was her dedlich enemy.
Through puré treson and envý
She that of allé sorwe can
Tho spake unto her bondéman
Which clepéd was Theophilus
And made him swere in counseil thus,
That he such time as she him set
Shall come Thaisé for to fet
And lede her out of allé sight
Where that no man her helpé might
Upon the strondé nigh the see,
And there he shall this maiden slee.
This cherlés hert is in a traunce,
As he which drad him of vengeaúnce
Whan timé comth an other day.
But yet durst he nought saié nay,
But swore and said he shall fulfill
Her hestés at her owné will.

"The treson and the time is shape,
So fell it that this cherlish knape
Hath lad this maiden where he wold
Upon the stronde, and what she sholde
She was adrad, and he out braide
A rusty swerde and to her saide:
'Thou shalt be dede.' 'Alas,' quod she,
'Why shall I so?' 'Lo thus,' quod he,
'My lady Dionise hath bede,
Thou shalt be murdred in this stede.'
This maiden tho for feré shrighte
And for the love of God Allmighte
She praith that for a litel stounde
She mighté knele upon the grounde
Toward the heven for to crave,
Her wofull soule if she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry,
Out of a bargé fasté by,
Which hid was there on scomer-fare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this felón, and he to go,
And she began to crié tho,
'Ha, mercy, help for Goddes sake,
Into the bargé they her take,
As thevés shulde, and forth they went.
Upon the see the wind hem hent
And malgré where they wolde or none

To-fore the weder forth they gone,
There halp no sail there halp none ore
Forstorméd and forblowen sore
In great perîl so forth they drive,
Till atté lasté they arrive
At Miteléné the citee.
In haven sauf and whan they be
The maister shipman made him boune
And goth him out into the towne
And profreth Thaisé for to selle.
One Leonin it herdé telle,
Which maister of the bordel was,
And bad him gon a redy pas
To fecchen her, and forth he went
And Thaise out of his barge he hent
And solde her to the bordel tho.
No wonder is though she be wo
Clos in a chambre by her self.
Eche after other ten or twelf
Of yongé men in to her went.
But suche a gracé God her sent,
That for the sorwe which she made,
Was none of hem which power had
To done her any vilainy.
"This Leonin let ever aspy
And waiteth after great beyete,
But all for nought, she was forlete,

That no man woldé theré come.
Whan he therof hath hede nome
He sent his man, but so it ferde,
Whan he her wofull pleintés herde
And he therof hath také kepe,
Him listé better for to wepe
Than don ought ellés to the game.
And thus she kepte her self fro shame
And kneléd down to therthe and praide
Unto this man and thus she saide:
'If so be, that thy maister wolde
That I his gold encresé sholde
It may nought fallé by this wey,
But suffre me to go my wey
Out of this hous where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place ellés of the town,
Be so it be of religioun,
Where that honésté women dwelle.
And thus thou might thy maister telle,
That whan I have a chambre there
Let him do cry ay widé where,
What lord that hath his doughter dere
And is in will that she shall lere
Of such a scolé that is trewe,
I shall her teche of thingés newe
Whiche as none other woman can

In all this londe.' And tho this man
Her tale hath herde he goth ayein
And tolde unto his maister plein,
That she hath saide. And therupon,
Whan that he sigh beyeté none
At the bordél because of hire,
He bad his man to gon and spire
A placé where she might abide,
That he may winne upon some side
By that she can. But atté·lest
Thus was she sauf of this tempést.
"He hath her fro the bordel take,
But that was nought for Goddés sake,
But for the lucre, as she him tolde.
Now comen tho that comen wolde,
Of women in her lusty youth
To here and se what thing she couth.
She can the wisdome of a clerke,
She can of any lusty werke
Which to a gentil woman longeth.
And some of hem she underfongeth
To the citole and to the harpe,
And whom it liketh for to carpe
Proverbés and demaundés sligh
An other such they never sigh
Which that sciéncé so well taught,
Wherof she greté yiftés caught,

That she to Leonin hath wonne.
And thus her name is so begonne
Of sondry thingés that she techeth,
That all the londé to her secheth
Of yongé women for to lere.
"Now letté we this maiden here
And speke of Dionise ayeine
And of Theophile the vilaine
Of which I spake of now to-fore,
Whan Thaisé shulde have be forlore.
This falsé cherle to his ladý
Whan he cam home all prively,
He saith, 'Madamé, slain I have
This maidé Thaise, and is begrave
In privé place, as ye me bede.
Forthy, madamé, taketh hede
And kepe counseíl, how so it stonde.'
This fend, which hath this understonde,
Was glad and weneth it be soth.
Now herke, hereafter how she doth.
She wepeth, she sorweth, she compleigneth,
And of sikenessé which she feigneth,
She saith, that Thaisé sodeinly
By night is dede, as she and I
To-gider lien nigh my lorde.
She was a woman of recórde,
And all is levéd that she saith.

And for to yive a moré feith,
Her husébonde and eke she bothe
In blacké clothés they hem clothe,
And make a great enterrément.
And for the people shall be blent
Of Thaise as for the rémembraúnce,
After the reál olde usaunce
A tumbe of laton noble and riche
With an ymáge unto her liche
Liggénd abové therupon
They made and set it up anon.
Her epitaphe of good assise
Was write about, and in this wise
It spake: 'O ye, that this beholde,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was holde
The fairest and the floure of alle,
Whose namé Thaïsis men calle.
The king of Tire Appollinus
Her fader was, now lieth she thus.
Fourtené yere she was of age,
Whan deth her toke to his viage.'
Thus was this falsé treson hid,
Which afterward was widé kid,
As by the tale a man shall here.
But to declaré my matere
To Tire I thenké torne ayein
And telle as the croníqués sain.

Whan that the king was comen home
And hath left in the salté fome
His wife which he may nought foryete,
For he some comfort woldé gete
He let sommone a parlément,
To which the lordés were assent.
And of the time he hath ben out,
He seeth the thingés all about;
And told hem eke, how he hath fare,
While he was out of londé fare,
And praide hem allé to abide,
For he wolde at the samé tide
Do shapé for his wivés minde
As he that woll nought ben unkinde.
Solempné was that ilke office,
And riché was the sacrifice,
The festé reálly was holde.
And therto was he well beholde:
For suche a wife as he had one
In thilké daiés was there none.

"Whan this was done, than he him thought
Upon his doughter, and besought
Such of his lordés as he wolde,
That they with him to Tharsé sholde
To fet his doughter Thaisé there,
And they anone all redy were.
To ship they gone and forth they went

Till they the haven of Tharsé hent.
They londe and faile of that they seche,
By coverture and sleight of speche.
This falsé man Strangulio
And Dionise his wife also,
That he the better trowé might,
They ladden him to have a sight,
Where that her tombé was arraied,
The lassé yet he was mispaied.
And nethéles so as he durst,
He curseth and saith all the worst
Unto Fortúne, as to the blinde,
Which can no siker weié finde,
For she him neweth ever amonge
And medleth sorwe with his songe.
But sithe it may no better be,
He thonketh God and forth goth he
Sailéndé toward Tire ayeine
But sodeinly the winde and reine
Began upon the see debate,
So that he suffre mote algate
The lawé, which Neptúne deineth,
Wherof full ofté time he pleigneth
And held him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath to-fore assaied.
So that for puré sorwe and care
Of that he seeth this world so fare,

The rest he leveth of his cabán,
That for the counseil of no man
Ayein therin he noldé come
But hath beneth his placé nome,
Where he wepénd alloné lay
There as he sigh no light of day.
"And thus to-fore the wind they drive
Till longe and laté they arrive
With great distresse, as it was sene,
Upon this town of Mitelene,
Which was a noble cité tho.
And happneth thilké timé so,
The lordés both and the commúne
The highé festés of Neptune
Upon the strond at the rivage,
As it was custume and usage,
Solempneliché they besigh.
"Whan they this straungé vessel sigh
Come in, and hath his saile avaled,
The town therof hath spoke and taled
The lord which of that cité was,
Whose name is Athenagoras,
Was there and said, he woldé se
What ship it is, and who they be
That ben therin. And after sone,
Whan that he sigh it was to done,
His bargé was for him arraied,

And he goth forth and hath assaied.
He found the ship of great array,
But what thing it amounté may,
He sigh they maden hevy chere,
But well him thenketh by the manere,
That they be worthy men of blood,
And axeth of hem how it stood.
And they him tellen all the cas,
How that her lord fordrivé was,
And what a sorwé that he made
Of which there may no man him glade.
He praieth that he her lord may se.
But they him tolde it may nought be,
For he lith in so derke a place
That there may no wight sen his face.
But for all that, though hem be loth,
He found the ladder and down he goth
And to him spake, but none answér
Ayein of him ne might he bere,
For ought that he can do or sain.
And thus he goth him up ayein.

"Tho was there spoke in many wise
Amongés hem that weren wise,
Now this, now that, but atté last
The wisdom of the town thus cast,
That yongé Thaisé were assent.
For if there be amendément

To gladdé with this wofull king,
She can so moch of every thing
That she shall gladen him anone.
" A messager for her is gone.
And she came with her harp on honde
And saide hem, that she woldé fonde
By allé weiés that she can,
To gladdé with this sory man.
And what he was, she wiste nought.
But all the ship her hath besought
That she her wit on him despende
In aunter if he might amende,
And sain, 'It shall be well aquit,'
Whan she hath understonden it,
She goth her down, there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay
And lich an aungel sang with alle.
But he no moré than the walle
Toke hede of any thing he herde.
Aud whan she sigh that he so ferde,
She falleth with him unto wordes,
And telleth him of sondry bordes,
And axeth him demaundés straunge
Wherof she made his herté chaunge,
And to her speche his ere he laide
And hath merveile, of that she saide
For in provérbe and in probléme

She spake and bade he shuldé deme
In many a subtil questión.
But he for no suggestión
Which toward him she couthe stere
He woldé nought o word answere,
But as a mad man atté laste,
His heved wepíng awey he caste
And half in wrath he bad her go.
But yet she woldé nought do so,
And in the derké forth she goth,
Till she him toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hiré with his honde
He smote. And thus whan she him fonde
Diseséd, courteisly she saide:
'Avoy my lorde, I am a maide.
And if ye wisté what I am,
And out of what lignáge I cam,
Ye woldé nought be so salváge.'
With that he sobreth his coráge
And put awey his hevy chere.
But of hem two a man may lere,
What is to be so sibbe of blood.
None wist of other how it stood,
And yet the fader atté last
His herte upon this maidé cast,
That he her loveth kindély,
And yet he wisté never why;
But all was knowe er that they went.

For God, which wote her hole entent,
Her hertés both anone descloseth.
This king unto this maide opposeth
And axeth first, What is her name,
And where she lernéd all this game,
And of what kin that she was come?
And she, that hath his wordés nome,
Answereth and saith: 'My name is Thaise,
That was sometimé well at ese.
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fedde,
There lernéd I till I was spedde
Of that I can. My fader eke
I not where that I shulde him seke,
He was a king, men toldé me.
My moder dreint was in the see.'
Fro point to point all she him tolde,
That she hath longe in herté holde,
And never dursté make her mone,
But only to this lord allone,
To whom her herté can nought hele,
Torne it to wo torne it to wele,
Torne it to good torne it to harme.
And he tho toke her in his arme.
But such a joy as he tho made
Was never sene; thus be they glade
That sory hadden be to-forne.
Fro this day forth Fortúne hath sworne

To set him upward on the whele;
So goth the world; now wo, now wele.
"This king hath foundé newé grace,
So that out of his derké place
He goth him up into the light.
And with him cam that sweté wight
His doughter Thaisé, and forth anone
They bothe into the caban gone
Which was ordeinéd for the kinge,
And there he did of all his thinge
And was arraiéd reálly,
And out he cam all openly
Where Athenagoras he fonde
The which was lorde of all the londe.
He praieth the king to come and se
His castell bothe and his citee.
And thus they gone forth all in fere,
This king, this lord, this maiden dere.
This lord tho made hem riché feste
With every thing which was honéste
To plesé with this worthy kinge,
Ther lacketh hem no maner thinge.
But yet for al his noble array
Wifeles he was unto that day,
As he that yet was yonge of age.
So fell there into his corage
The lusty wo, the gladdé peine

Of lové which no man restreigne
Yet never might as now to-fore.
This lord thenketh all his world forlore
But if the king woll done him grace.
He waiteth time he waiteth place
Him thought his herté woll to-breke.
Till he may to this maidé speke
And to her fader eke also
For mariáge. And it fell so,
That all was do, right as he thought,
His purpos to an ende he brought,
She wedded him as for her lorde;
Thus be they alle of one accorde.

"Whan al was do right as they wolde,
The kinge unto his soné tolde
Of Tharsé thilké treterie,
And said, how in his compaignie
His doughter and him selven eke
Shall go vengeaúncé for to seke.
The shippés weré redy sone.
And whan they sigh it was to done
Withouté let of any went,
With saile up drawé forth they wente
Towardés Tharse upon the tide.
But he that wot what shall betide,
The highe God which wolde him kepe,
Whan that this king was faste a slepe

By nightés time he hath him bede
To saile unto another stede;
To Ephesim he bad him drawe,
And as it was that timé lawe,
He shall do there his sacrifice.
And eke he bad in allé wise,
That in the temple amongés alle
His Fortune, as it is befalle,
Touchend his doughter and his wife
He shall beknowe upon his life.
The king of this avisión
Hath great ymaginación
What thinge it signifié may.
And nethéles whan it was day
He bad cast anker and abode.
And while that he on anker rode,
The wind, which was to-foré straunge.
Upon the point began to chaunge
And torneth thider as it shulde.
Tho knewe he well, that God it wolde,
And bad the maister make him yare,
To-fore the wind for he wold fare
To Ephesim, and so he dede.
And whan he came into the stede,
Where as he shuldé londe, he londeth
With all the haste he may, and fondeth
To shapen him in suche a wise

That he may by the morwe arise
And done after the maundément
Of him, which hath him thider sent.
And in the wisé that he thought,
Upon the morwe so he wrought.
His doughter and his sone he nome
And forth unto the temple he come
With a great route in compaigný
His yiftés for to sacrifý.
The citezeins tho herden say
Of such a king that came to pray
Unto Diané the goddésse
And lefte all other besinesse,
They comen thider for to se
The king and the solempnité.
" With worthy knightés enviróned
The king him self hath abandóned
Into the temple in good entente.
The dore is up and in he wente,
Whereas with great devoción
Of holy contemplación
Within his herte he made his shrifte.
And after that a riché yifte
He offreth with great reverénce,
And there in open audiénce
Of hem that stoden all about
He tolde hem and declareth out

His hap such as him is befalle ;
There was no thing foryete of alle.
His wife, as it was Goddés grace,
Which was professéd in the place
As she that was abbéssé there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ere,
She knew the vois and the viság̃e,
For puré joy as in a rage
She straught unto him all at ones
And fell a swoune upon the stones
Wherof the temple flore was paved
She was anone with water laved,
Till she came to her self ayein.
And thanné she began to sain :
'Ha, blessed be the highé sonde,
That I may se min husébonde,
Which whilom he and I were one.'
The king with that knewe her anone
And toke her in his arme and kist,
And all the town thus sone it wist.
Tho was there joié manyfold,
For every man this tale hath told
As for mirácle, and were glade.
But never man such joié made
As doth the king which hath his wife.
And whan men herde how that her life
Was savéd and by whom it was,

They wondren all of suche a cas.
Through all the londe arose the speche
Of maister Cerimon the leche
And of the curé which he dede.
The king him self tho hath him bede
And eke this quené forth with him,
That he the town of Ephesim
Woll leve and go where as they be,
For never man of his degre
Hath do to hem so mochel good.
And he his profite understood
And graunteth with hem for to wende.
And thus they maden there an ende
And token leve and gone to ship
With all the holé felaship.

"This king, which now hath his desire,
Saith he woll holde his cours to Tire.
They hadden wind at willé tho
With topsail-cole, and forth they go.
And striken never till they come
To Tire wher as they haven nome,
And londen hem with mochel blisse.
There was many a mouth to kisse,
Eche oné welcometh other home.
But whan the quene to londé come
And Thaise her doughter by her side,
The joié which was thilké tide

There may no mannés tungé telle.
They saiden all, 'Here cometh the welle
Of alle womanisshé grace.'
The king hath take his reäl place,
The quene is into chambre go;
There was great feste arraiéd tho.
Whan timé was they gone to mete,
All oldé sorwés ben foryete,
And gladen hem with joiés newe.
The descoloúréd palé hewe
Is now become a ruddy cheke,
There was no merthé for to seke,
But every man hath what he wolde,
The king as he well couthe and sholde
Maketh to his people right good chere.
And after sone, as thou shalt here,
A parlément he hath sommóned,
Where he his doughter hath coróned
Forth with the lorde of Mitelene,
That one is king, that other quene.
And thus the faders ordenaunce
This londe hath set in governaunce,
And saidé that he woldé wende
To Tharsé for to make an ende
Of that his doughter was betraied,
Wherof were allé men well paied,
And said, how it was for to done.

"The shippés weren redy sone.
A strong powér with him hé toke,
Up to the sky he cast his loke
And sigh the wind was covenáble.
They hale up anker with the cable,
They sail on high, the stere on honde,
They sailen till they come a londe
At Tharsé nigh to the citee.
And whan they wisten it was he,
The town hath done him reverence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Which the tretoúr Strangulio
And Dionise him haddé do
Touchénde his doughter, as ye herde.
And whan they wisté how it ferde,
As he which pees and lové sought,
Unto the town this he besought
To done him right in jugément.
Anone they weré both assent
With strengthe of men, and comen sone,
And as hem thought it was to done,
Atteint they weré by the lawe
And deméd for to honge and drawe
And brent and with the wind to-blowe,
That all the world it mighté knowe.
And upon this condición
The dome in execución

Was put anone withouté faile.
And every man hath great merveíle,
Whiche herdé tellen of this chaunce,
And thonketh Goddés purveaunce,
Which doth mercý forth with justíce.
Slain is the mordrer and mordrice
Through verray trouth of right-wisnesse,
And through mercý sauf is simplesse
Of hiré whom mercý preserveth;
Thus hath he wel that wel deserveth.
" Whan all this thing is done and ended,
This king which lovéd was and frended,
A letter hath, which came to him
By shippé fro Pentapolim,
In which the lond hath to him write
That he wolde understonde and wite,
How in good minde and in good pees
Dede is the kinge Artestrates,
Wherof they all of one accorde
Him praiden, as her legé lorde,
That he the letter wol conceive
And come his regné to receive
Which God hath yove him and Fortúne.
And thus besoughté the commúne
Forth with the greté lordés alle.
This king sigh how it was befalle
Fro Tharse and in prosperité

He toke his leve of that citee
And goth him into ship ayein.
The wind was good, the se was plein,
Hem nedeth nought a riff to slake,
Till they Pentapolim have take.
The lond which herde of that tidíng
Was wonder glad of his comíng.
He resteth him a day or two
And toke his counseil to him tho
And set a time of parlément,
Where all the londe of one assent
Forth with his wife have him coroned,
Where allé good him was foisoned."

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